

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



No. 120.—VOL. V.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1844.

[SIXPENCE.]

[FRANCE, TAHITI, MOROCCO.]



WAR is so tremendous an evil, that all thinking men may well be anxious and alarmed when there is even the slightest probability of it, and there is no question they equally rejoice when that probability is lessened or removed.

The relations between England and France have lately been in a feverish and uneasy state. The large "war party"

in France, though made up of many discordant elements, is so influential in directing public opinion, that the Government, which we believe to be really peacefully inclined, cannot disregard it altogether. It is irrational—for it loves war for its own sake, and, provided it could gratify its thirst for blood, and the glory to be attained by shedding it, is perfectly indifferent as to the country or people with whom it is to fight; perhaps, from old grudges, unnecessary to dilate upon, it would give England the preference as an enemy; but Christian or Moslem—Turk, Arab, or Moor, provided there was occupation for the uneasy spirits of the army—skirmishes and *razzias*, to furnish materials for despatches from head-quarters, and leaders for the Paris papers—the war party would be but too happy to find or make a pretext for hostilities. "Young France," in addition to being "bearded like the pard," fully merits the rest of the description given of the soldier, "jealous of honour, sudden and quick in quarrel." To be careful of honour is a merit either in a nation or an individual, but to be perpetually snarling and quarrelling, for any or for every cause, and frequently for no cause at all, is not worthy of a great people. If there is any nation of the earth whose title to military renown is firmly established, it is France. Alone she conquered the whole of Europe, and alone she long and ably defied the whole of the powers of the Continent united; and even in the unequal struggle she did not succumb save from the sheer exhaustion produced by the policy of the man who dazzled the people into becoming the willing sacrifices to the idol of his own selfish ambition. The military history of France is a grand one—fertile almost beyond example in great men and great achievements. We speak only in a military sense, and divide the deeds and the men who did them from all considerations of the righteousness of the cause in which, in different ages, they may have been performed. If we speak of Turenne as a great soldier, we do not palliate or defend the justice of the ravages he was ordered to make—and did make—in the Palatinate. When we allude to the victories of Napoleon, we say nothing of the policy that prompted them. But great military achievements they certainly were; and the people by whom they were done, need scarcely be anxious to prove to the world—what the world knows so well already—that they possess military talent of the highest order. With such a history to look back upon, we often wonder it does not teach the French some of that magnanimity which can afford to pass unnoticed the "petty quarrels upon petty things," that seem occasionally to drive them into a kind of frenzy. Their sensitiveness on every occurrence that can by any means, fair or foul, be made a cause of national differences, lest they should be thought other than brave and warlike, is absolutely morbid; and it exposes them to much misapprehension, not stopping short of ridicule. The victors of Marengo and Jena, who dictated terms to the sovereigns of the continent in their own capitals, converting into a matter of importance the "ordonnances" directing at what hour the subjects of Queen Pomare's "cocoa-nut empire" were to blow out their candles, and thereupon setting all their diplomacy, and bureaucracy, and journalism—with something like the threat of an invasion of England in the background—at work to shield a blustering and hot-headed official from the blame due to a clear breach of the law of nations, does partake of the absurd; it is much like the

"Ocean into tempest tost,
To waft a feather or to drown a fly."

That such a difference should have been fanned into a war would have been very deplorable. There would have been no cause, no principle, to justify the mingled folly and wickedness to which both nations would have been driven. We know well that wars have sprung from the most insignificant causes, and that it is not difficult "greatly to find quarrel in a straw." One war is on record as having been caused by a stolen bucket; and another is said to have arisen from a dispute about the size of a window; but in most great wars great principles have been involved. The French themselves, in the war of the last revolution, struggled against the despotism of Legitimacy and the oppression of Aristocracy; and, when their frontiers were threatened by a foreign army, flung at the thrones of Europe the head of their King as a bloody gage of defiance. That war was at first a war of opinion, though changed by Napoleon into one of conquest and aggrandizement. Assuredly, if the French sought a cause of war worthy of themselves, they could not find it in the Otaheitan squabble. Rejoiced are we, therefore, to see the signs of returning reason

and moderation visible even in the journals which we suspect of flattering the prejudices of the war party to an unhealthy degree. And perhaps we judge too much of the opinions and feelings of the people, by what we read in the papers addressed to them, and which, to command attention, must to some extent exaggerate; a French writer may sacrifice the truth both of nature and fact to as great an extent as his conscience permits him, but he must on no account be dull or common-place. This may go far to explain some of the philippics against "perfidious Albion," so many of which we have lately laid down with the commentary of Mrs. Quickly on the vapourings of *Ancient Pistol*, "I' faith, Captain, these be very bitter words." But seriously, we are heartily glad that the danger of a collision from this quarter has almost disappeared. A war between England and France, once begun, would be a fatal one in itself, and could not long be confined to the two powers commencing it. It would be a calamity to the whole human race, and give a check to human civilization, which has only begun to recover from the mischiefs of the last. The most glorious victories for mankind now are those of peace.

Turning from Otaheite to Morocco, we also perceive the signs of returning tranquillity. In this dispute we are less directly interested, though the scene of action is so much nearer our own shores. Had hostilities commenced, it would have been our duty to have seen that no British lives or property were injured; but we could hardly have been called on to act as partisans. As it has turned out, we have acted as mediators; and the negotiations of Mr. Drummond Hay have rendered the bombardment of any of the towns on the coast unnecessary, we hope not to the disappointment of the Prince de Joinville, who, with his fleet, has returned from Tangier to Gibraltar. The Emperor of Morocco has, it seems, agreed to give up, or expel Abd-el-Kader from his dominions, or, at all events, not to lend him the assistance of his subjects. Some doubt is expressed whether he will be as able to expel the brave Arab chief, as he is willing to do it. But that he will withdraw all direct firm support from him, there can be little doubt; and, having made all the reparation for past countenance in his power, we trust the French will be satisfied, for, as to the rest, the poor Emperor can hardly be compelled to do an impossibility.



PORTRAIT OF THE LATE PACHA OF EGYPT.—FROM A RECENT DRAWING.

ABDICATION OF MEHEMET ALI.

Mehemet Ali, who so long ruled over Egypt, is a man of no ordinary kind. It is not our purpose to eulogise him extravagantly, or to "set down aught in malice" regarding him. We are aware that it is the custom to represent him as a very enlightened ruler; but, in point of fact, his government was essentially an arbitrary one. At the same time, it is only fair to state, that although fettered by the system with which he was identified, he introduced many reforms, and endeavoured to act in an impartial and enlightened spirit. He did justice to all, without regard to religious or political differences. And here we may remark, *en passant*, that when first the overland route to India was established, he gave every facility in his power to this new mode of communication, and under his auspices

the route from Alexandria to Suez, which previously could not be traversed without danger, became as safe as the most frequented region in England.

Mehemet did much to purify the administration of justice. He established a good police, and did away with tortures and other punishments which had disgraced the sway of his predecessors. He did not stop here; but it is undeniable that he attempted to establish a national system of education, a task which has dismayed some of the enlightened statesmen of England. Thus far for his good deeds. On the other hand, it is equally true that his subjects were bowed down by excessive taxation, and he levied a conscription as odious as that of Napoleon. Perhaps, however, the fault was rather with the system than with himself; for, although identified, as we have said, with absolutism, he made vast efforts indi-

vidually to administer the Government in a mild and benignant spirit. Whenever abuses came to his knowledge, he used his exertions to reform and suppress them, although, from the corruption of his subordinate agents, these efforts were not always attended with success.

Notwithstanding this favourable disposition towards enlightened government, he relied more upon his military power than upon the influence of public opinion. His military forces were disproportioned to the population, and in short there was an evident tendency to rule rather by the sword than by the influence of the popular will, guided by moderation and judgment. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that if he did not effect so much in the way of civilisation as might have been expected from his great mind, yet at least he gave an impulse to those changes which within the last few years have tended to raise Egypt so greatly in the scale of nations.

The telegraphic notice, in the French papers, hints at the retirement of the venerable Pacha to Mecca, but if all accounts be true, he was by no means of a religious turn of mind. Indeed, an anecdote is told of him which tends to show that his character was more remarkable for flippancy than for devotion. It is said the Sheikh Ibrahim (Burckhardt), once waited upon him to solicit permission "to retire to Mecca." "Pacha," said the traveller, "I want to go and see the Holy City, and to pray at the Prophet's tomb. Give me your leave and firman for the journey." "You go to Mecca and our holy Prophet's tomb! That's impossible, Ibrahim: you are not qualified; you are not a true believer." "But I am Pacha; I am qualified in every respect. As to belief do not doubt me. Tell me any part of the Koran that I do not believe." "Go to the Holy City, go Ibrahim," replied Mehemet, laughing heartily. "Do you think I'll vex myself with questions from the Koran? Go and see the Prophet's tomb, and may it enlighten your eyes and comfort your heart!"

But whatever may have been Mehemet Ali's scepticism or indifference in regard to religious matters, it is true, that upon the whole he governed Egypt in such a way as to make his sudden abdication a matter, if not for regret, at least for inquietude. He was certainly a friend to England and the English. It was but very recently that he gave an indication of his desire to cultivate friendly relations with this country by the conclusion of a treaty, important for her interests. Of his son Ibrahim report is less favourable; but it is to be hoped that the mantle of his father will descend upon him, and that Mehemet, if not actually, will virtually, direct the destinies of Egypt. As we have remarked elsewhere, the change, politically speaking, can afford no ground for apprehension; because the events of 1840 and 1841 led to arrangements with Turkey, by means of which the Porte gave up the pretension to interfere with the succession; so that Ibrahim will succeed to the pashalik as a matter of course.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The Paris papers contain a telegraphic despatch which communicates an unexpected, but by no means an unimportant announcement—the abdication of Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt. The despatch is thus worded:—

"ALEXANDRIA, July 27.

"His Highness the Viceroy has just suddenly left Alexandria, declaring that he renounces for ever Egypt and public affairs, and that he retires to Mecca."

"Ibrahim is at Alexandria. The city is quiet."

The succession to the title having been recently secured to the family of Mehemet Ali, his son Ibrahim will no doubt succeed to the pashalik and government of Egypt without any difficulty or opposition from the Porte.

The subject of the dispute between France and Morocco, of course continues to excite considerable attention in Paris; but the reports on the subject are very contradictory. In the early part of the week, confident statements were circulated of an arrangement of the dispute, but subsequently more warlike announcements have been received. Indeed the report of the bombardment of Tangier has been revived, but in reality no intelligence of an authentic character regarding the real state of the matter has been received.

On the day previous to the arrival of the despatch announcing the suspension of hostilities, another was received dated the 2d, announcing the arrival of the Prince de Joinville before Tangier, and that no answer had been given to the ultimatum, but stating that the Prince was prevented from commencing his operations at once in consequence of the non-arrival from the interior of Mr. Drummond Hay, for whose fate some uneasiness was felt. Since that time, however, news had been received from Mr. Hay. The Emperor, he states, has granted to France and Spain the just satisfaction which they have demanded. Mr. Hay was expected at Tangier. The French fleet was preparing to sail from Tangier for Gibraltar.

Although the Prince de Joinville consented to suspend hostilities, yet when he sent the despatch to Paris, he accompanied it with the following explanation:—"I consented to the suspension of hostilities," said the Prince, "not that I have the least hopes of receiving from the Emperor that satisfaction which we have a right to demand, but to show to the population of Tangier that my Government is determined not to commence hostilities until every hope of peace is lost." The Prince, on the 1st and 2nd, received several private letters from the inhabitants of Tangier, entreating him to spare the town, and assuring him that should he be compelled to adopt hostile measures against the Emperor, on his first summons the keys of Tangier would be given up to him. The Pacha of Tangier is far from having any animosity against the French. This declaration of the Prince affords a striking commentary upon the confident hopes expressed in some quarters of the termination of hostilities.

It would appear, from the following account, given in the *Algere*, that the temporary arrangement made by the Emperor, was brought about with some difficulty. That paper says:—

"The Phare arrived off El Arah in the morning of the 25th. The sea was rough, and the captain of the port, who usually boards every vessel that arrives, to demand the motives of her visit, was some time waited for. Seeing that he did not make his appearance, the captain of the Phare lowered a boat, and the envoy of the Prince de Joinville, accompanied by M. Balaroufa, an Algerine pilot, landed on a rock at the foot of a battery. Some Moroccan soldiers came down to ask what the Frenchmen wanted, when a letter was given them from the Pacha, in which M. Warner informed him that he was the bearer of despatches for him, but that he should not come into the town until hostages, mentioned in the communication, had been sent on board the steamer. The Pacha immediately sent his first secretary, the Amin of the Marine, and the Kaid of Mechouar, who commanded the garrison. M. Warner and M. Balaroufa then went down on the beach, in spite of the violence of the surf, but when the hostages were requested to get into the boat, they excused themselves in consequence of the roughness of the sea. M. Warner insisted, and threatened to return on board. The secretary wrote to the Pacha, his master, to consult him on the subject of this difficulty, but the letter had scarcely been sent off, when M. Warner decided on going himself to the Pacha, accompanied by the pilot. The inhabitants formed a double line, through which the French envoy passed, and the Pacha received him with marked distinction. M. Warner handed him the ultimatum of France, and commented on it verbally. The Pacha sent off a courier to the Emperor. There was no time to be lost, for the ultimatum granted by the ultimatum would expire on the 2nd August. As the Consul-General, in the despatches delivered by M. Warner, demanded immediate permission for the embarkation of all the French who were at Tangier with their property, the Pacha did not hesitate, and under the dictation of M. Warner himself, wrote to the Khalifa at Tangier to allow the French envoy to act on this subject as he might think proper. The Pacha had also given a similar authority, on the previous evening, to the Neapolitan Consul, who had come to El Arah in the Hecla. He also expressed his desire to see the unhappy differences existing between the two countries removed. At six o'clock in the evening the Phare again got under weigh, to return to the French squadron. On the 2nd of August the ultimatum of France would expire, and on the previous evening the envoys of the Emperor arrived at Tangier, announcing that peace was assured; but these same envoys hastened to remove everything that was valuable, and above all, the public treasure. The inhabitants fled from the town, carrying off their wives, their children, their slaves, and all their riches, into the mountains. A report was also current that a price had been put upon the head of the Governor of Tangier, doubtless on account of his having allowed the Consuls and their countrymen to embark; that the Pacha of Larache had also been compelled to take refuge in the inviolable asylum of the Marabout Bon-Sellim; and that the Kaid of Rabat, who was too much a friend to peace, had fled at the approach of the Emperor, and that the mountaineers had entered and pillaged that town as soon as the Sultan had left it. The mountaineers had arrived in crowds at the gates of Tangier, demanding admission ostensibly to protect the place, but in reality to pillage it; they would, however, do nothing to take, for the Moors had so well profited by our forbearance that the place might now be burnt without causing them the slightest regret."

It must be stated also that, according to a well informed writer in Paris, it was believed, that either the Emperor of Morocco is endeavouring to gain time, or that, afraid of the increasing influence of Abd-el-Kader, he is anxious to secure the powerful aid of France against the Emir. The consuls of France, Spain, and Denmark, have quitted Tangier, the others remain. At Tangier, on the 2nd, nobody knew what had become of the English consul; it was reported that the Emperor had refused to see him.

The Gregois, with the Prince de Joinville's despatches, touched at Gibraltar on the 3rd, and consented to take despatches from Sir Robert Wilson for Lord Cowley and Lord Aberdeen. These despatches were forwarded to Paris from Port Vendres.

The following are the naval forces of the different nations now at anchor off Tangier:—France: 3 sail of the line, 1 frigate, 3 brigs, and 9 steamers; making altogether a force of 450 guns.—Spain: 1 frigate, 1 corvette, 2 brigs, 2 schooners, 1 cutter, and 1 steamer.—England: 1 line-of-battle ship, 1 frigate, and 1 steamer.—Sardinia: 1 corvette of 36 guns; and Sweden: 1 corvette of 26 guns.

The Tahiti affair has become a subject of much less interest with the Paris papers. The *Presse*, however, has a violent article against Mr. Pritchard. The *Toulonnais* gives a letter from Algiers, by which it seems that Marshal Bugeaud has resigned the command of the expeditionary army to General Lamoriciere, and confines himself to the Government of the colony.

Some uneasiness had been caused at Paris by the news of the departure of three ships of the line for Toulon. It was generally believed their destination was Tangier, but it appears from a Government paper the *Globe*, that Admiral Paraveau, who commands the squadron, has been ordered to direct his course to Tunis to watch the movements of a Turkish fleet, consisting of seven ships of the line and four frigates. According to this authority the French are resolved to protect Tunis.

The Duke de Nemours is at present on a tour of inspection of the army in the provinces. He has received addresses from the authorities of Besançon, and almost every other town he has passed through. The addresses are all very loyal, but have not taken a political turn, as they did last year.

The health of the ex-King of Holland, now the eldest surviving branch of the Bonaparte family, has, it is said, suffered severely from the death of his brother, Joseph.

SPAIN.

There is no intelligence of interest from Madrid, but reports of intended plots were rife.

The General Junta of the Basque provinces, in its sitting of the 2nd instant, unanimously claimed the full and entire re-establishment of the Fueros.

The *Castellano* publishes a letter from Puerto de Santa Maria of the 3rd, stating that the bombardment of Tangier commenced on the 2nd; that the report of the cannonading had been heard at Cadiz, and the smoke distinctly perceived from the watch-tower.

The private letters from Cadiz are silent on the subject; and the *Gibraltar Chronicle* of the 2nd positively announces, that the Prince de Joinville, yielding to the considerations submitted to him by the representatives of England, and hearkening to the voice of humanity, had agreed to postpone the bombardment of Tangier until the result of the mission of the British Consul should be known.

POLAND.

The accounts from Poland in the Hamburg papers give most deplorable descriptions of the damage done by the inundations of the Vistula and other rivers. Letters from Kirlin state that the Vistula had risen to a greater height than at any time during the last hundred years. It is impossible to say how many thousands of villages may be inundated by the mighty river in its long course from Cracow to Dantzig. Above and below Calon 100 towns and villages are as in a sea, and the inhabitants have been forced to take refuge on the roofs, on trees, and on some neighbouring hills.

PRUSSIA.

The King of Prussia issued the following characteristic declaration before leaving his dominions:—"I cannot quit the soil of my country, though only for a short time, without publicly expressing in my own name and that of the Queen, the deeply-felt gratitude which fills our hearts. It is excited by the innumerable proofs of affection to us, both verbal and in writing, which we have received, and were called forth by the attempt of the 26th of July; that affection which loudly greeted us at the instant of the crime, when the hand of the Almighty averted the deadly shot from my breast. Looking up to my heavenly Preserver, I proceed with fresh courage to my daily work to complete what is begun, to carry into execution what is prepared, to combat evil with increased certainty of victory, and to be to my people everything that my high vocation lays upon me as a duty, and which the love of my people deserves."

(Signed) "FREDERICK WILLIAM."

"Eidmannedorf, August 5, 1844." A letter from Berlin gives rather a curious anecdote about Tschetch, from which it appears that he was actuated by the same morbid passion for notoriety which has led to similar infamous attempts in England. "Tschetch lately asked a bookseller whether he would be willing to publish his very interesting memoir of his life. The bookseller, to whom he was a total stranger, replied, that in the first place he must see a specimen of the work before he could decide. It was said that Tschetch the day before his criminal attempt, sent him not merely a specimen but the whole manuscript, and with a note to the effect, that 'the bookseller should not allow himself to be put out of the way, even if the next thing he heard of him should be that he had died in prison, or on the scaffold.' Almost at the same time as the manuscript the news of the attempt on the King's life reached the bookseller, who, it is said, has thought fit to send the manuscript of Tschetch to the criminal court of Berlin."

ITALY.

Letters from Naples prove that the King has acted with the utmost rigour towards the individuals concerned in the late insurrection in the Calabrias. The official paper, the *Journal of the Two Sicilies*, has the following on the subject:—"On the 24th July the military commission sitting at Cosenza pronounced sentence of death upon seventeen of the persons implicated in the descent upon Calabria, nine of which were carried into effect on the following day. The names of the unhappy sufferers were—Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, sons of the Austrian admiral; Nicola Ricciotti, the commander of the flying column of the insurgents of Ancona, in 1831, who subsequently fought throughout the civil war in Spain, and rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel; Domenico Moro, formerly lieutenant in the Austrian navy; Anarcharia Narde, a lawyer, and nephew to the Dictator of Modena, in the insurrection of 1831; Giovanni Vercucci, Giacomo Rocca, Francesco Berli, and Domenico Lapatelli."

EGYPT.

According to the *Malta Times*, Sir H. Hardinge, in three days only, made an important arrangement with Mehemet Ali. By a treaty, which was mutually signed, the English Government guaranteed to Mehemet Ali, as well as to his descendants, the government of Egypt, and that no other Power should interfere with him. In return, Mehemet Ali has treated that the English Government should do as they liked in the country, and to protect all English subjects; he consents, moreover, to allow troops to go through Egypt whenever necessary. The railways from Cairo to Suex are to be commenced without loss of time. [There seems no reason to doubt this statement, and it proves that at the very moment when Mehemet Ali contemplated abdication, he was desirous of carrying out amicable arrangements with England.]

UNITED STATES.

The Hibernia, mail steamer, arrived at Liverpool on Tuesday morning, with New York papers to the 31st July, having, as usual, made a rapid passage. She left Boston on the 1st inst. and Halifax on the 3rd inst. The steam-ship Caledonia arrived at Halifax on the 1st of August, after an unusually speedy voyage. Although these accounts are nearly a fortnight later than those last received, nothing of political importance is to be gleaned from them. Commerce is reported to be in a favourable state, and the weather for the harvest all that could be desired. The yield of grain, especially Indian corn, will, it is said, be superabundant. The inundations caused by the overflow of the Mississippi and its tributaries, of which vague accounts have previously been received, are stated to have done great damage to property, and the destruction of cotton cannot fail to have been large. No correct estimate has, however, appeared. Twenty-six houses have been burnt down at Brooklyn, and a considerable amount of property consumed by the flames. Four of the ruffians who perpetrated the butcheries on board of the *Saldin* were executed at Halifax on the 30th July. Their names are, Anderson, Travaugars alias Johnstone, George Jones, and William Haselton. Carr and Galloway, who were indicted for the murder of Captain Fielding only were acquitted. The four prisoners confessed their guilt previous to execution.

The New York papers have reports of the loss of the West India mail steamer Tay, but a late arrival at that city from Havannah brings intelligence that she had been spoken off the Moro, waiting for anchors, having lost her own, after being on Colorado Reef. The Captain of the port had boarded her, and the necessary assistance would be rendered.

The accounts from Mexico in the New York papers are interesting. They are to the 3d of June. The Mexican Congress was still occupied in discussing the proposals of Government for a loan of money and a levy of soldiers. The first demand for a loan of 4,000,000 dollars and an army of 45,000 men, had been rejected; but new proposals had been made, and the final vote had not been taken at the last accounts. It seems that the news of the rejection of the Treaty of Annexation by the United States Senate had somewhat cooled the ardour of the Mexican Congress. The members believe that an invasion of Texas will not require 45,000 men and 4,000,000 dollars. It seems nearly certain, however, from the tone of the Mexican papers, that Congress will not adjourn without voting the supplies that may be deemed necessary.

Upon the receipt of the intelligence of the transportation of United States troops to the Texan frontier, the Mexican Government asked of the United States Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. B. E. Green, whether the troops to be sent by Mexico against Texas would be attacked by the United States forces? Mr. Green replied that, having received no instructions from his Government, he could not answer the question categorically; but that, as the Mexican Government had declared that annexation would be considered a declaration of war, it was probable that, on submitting the treaty to the Senate, the President had conceived it his duty to despatch troops to the frontiers as a measure of precaution.

CHINA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Ningpo, 23rd March, 1844.

My dear Sir,—My last advised the fire of Canton; this present pleasure relates to a more important subject.

You are aware that since October, 1843, three ports have been opened by the Chinese for trade—Amoy, Ningpo, and Shanghai.

This event must be deeply interesting to our merchants and manufacturers commercially, and I am happy to be able to state that I am borne out by a very high authority, one probably, from many circumstances, the best informed party here, in saying through you to them, that the trade with this country is likely soon to be the most lucrative that England at present pursues.

Ningpo—Amoy, of the ports, is nearest Hong-Kong, say 400 miles to the N. E.

The adjacent sea is thick with islands, which are so situated as to form long vistas of lake-like scenery; of these opposite and about one-quarter mile distant lies Kooloon-sek, held by us till the ransom be paid; and it is rumoured, to be afterwards a dwelling-place of foreigners, Amoy itself not offering accommodation. A more lovely place they need not wish.

Here are now our dark and faithful followers from India, the gallant "Native Troops." Here the 18th, the Royal Irish, as their name may tell; the gay in the summer-time of peace—the first to face the winter hail of war.

Not long since all the wealthy of Amoy resided here; when the business of the day was over, in the bosom of their families luxuriating in the dreamy repose of the Chinese love, or in the courts of their mansions enjoying the sing-song of the hired dancer, or wandering in gardens, where the summer-voice of birds scarce ever dies, and many a fruit and many a giant flower unknown to us, owned their lords. All is changed; strange to the mango and the orange tree are the unkindred forms around. Dark falls the foreign shade on the gleaming fountains of that sunny isle.

Around the scene the figures now present the steady mein, the military walk, the close-fitting garb, the exact appointments of European soldiery.

The Chinese possessors, swamping by their stately gait, their flowing robes of rarest silks and satins, embroidered richly; their long necklaces of prized beads, their jade-stone ornaments, their cap set with jewels; their high, large satin boots—are gone.

The entire centre of this island is a valley—I called it Happy Valley. Sheltered on every side, rich in every produce, with trees and fountains and rocks. But war was heavy on this sweet spot. The stranger trod down its gardens, his foreign feet profaned its hearths and graves, trampled out their fires, and stood upon

tombs over which till then had waved the unmolested grass of centuries. From its stricken houses I heard arise the plaintive voice of desolation, I felt its lonely and sad condition; an interest even in that alien and inanimate land itself crept upon me. I turned to my vessel, breathing a fervent wish that we had never entered there.

The town or city of Amoy is in itself, however, wretchedly filthy, and the streets in some parts narrow, even for China, where you can often touch the walls of both sides at once. The people appear to be very civil, and their number may be about 300,000. A gentleman accompanied me once or twice through and beyond the town, and we found the people as it were passed, only perhaps a dozen times; this is by no means intended as a "dead mill fella;" at the same time I did not hear the *Fanqui*—"Foreign devil," of Canton, once breathed. A man-of-war in the harbour, and the soldiers at Kooloon-sek doubtless have their influence; yet I am inclined to think that those in this locality are, to say the least, much more friendly than could be hoped in a city taken by storm. Already, although the port has been but three or four months open, there have been as many, I should say, as twelve vessels, perhaps more; and some sales have been effected, I understand, at paying prices. I am not aware of any tea having been shipped.

Shanghai, though more distant from Hong Kong than Ningpo, was the second port opened; the Consul for the latter place being detained by business at Canton. It is close on 1000 miles to the N. E. There is very little of interest in or about Shanghai, from public buildings or natural scenery. The population is, say 350,000, the people civil. There have been to Shanghai five or six vessels, at least. I know of no tea from that quarter yet; a large trade in imports, and, perhaps, of exports, is expected to grow up here; as it is the key to the whole north.

Mr. Thom, formerly in the house of Jardine, Mathieson, and Co., more lately interpreter to the Chinese expedition (in which capacity he was of essential service to his country), is now officiating Consul for Ningpo, where it is considered that his business-habits and information will be eminently useful to the commercial interests of Great Britain; while it is not to be doubted, that his very great talents and extensive acquirements, together with the advantage of a long and confidential intercourse with his Excellency, Sir Henry Pottinger, will enable him to turn to account the high position which his conduct in many trying and critical circumstances during the war, has given him in the Chinese mind, to the sustenance and advancement of our political influence and importance in this vast portion of the east.

Ningpo is situated about twenty miles from the mouth of the river of that name, which by keeping mid channel is of safe, though, perhaps, not exactly of easy navigation, owing to the immense number of junks, many of them of great size, which crowd toward, and from, and anchor about this flourishing commercial city. It is likely, however, that for the benefit of all parties, junks will be compelled to anchor, so as to leave a good channel. The city walls, which entirely surround it, are of most massive construction; it being possible to drive a carriage and four over all parts. We carried and subsequently defended them during the war, of which there are some rich evidences and records on the interior of the whitewashed walls of the now-vacant guard rooms. From these there are many fine views, of a wide spread natural theatre, interesting from its well laid out water, its clusters of plantation, and its handsome country seats. In the distance the mountains surround—the guardians of so fertile a plain; through it rolls a noble river, joined where it passes the ancient city by a branch curious in name, Tenge-kee, but broad as itself. This vast rich district presents the greatest, most exact, and most economical cultivation.

Though acquainted with some of the "gardens of England," I must confess that we have none superior, perhaps, speaking generally, large tracts for large tracts, none equal to the plain of Ningpo. Of course I presume our scientific knowledge in agriculture to be much superior, and our mechanical appliances much advanced; but whether some of these latter, as they are at present, are judicious, remains to be seen. Meantime the Chinese follow what is called *spade cultivation*, at least something much akin. Human labour is of small value, however. I presume one would get a spade-man at 2d. to 3d. per diem the year round. Ningpo is clean; many of its shops splendid—full of silks and satins, and embroidery of gold &c., with rich and various velvets. Furs, shaped into or lined all manner of dresses of crape, &c., fill a whole street, and look very pretty and warm.

The people of Ningpo are civil; there are, probably, half a million of inhabitants.

There have been four vessels here: another is expected daily, and many when the monsoon changes, say next month. Some profitable transactions have taken place.

A vessel is now being loaded with tea, for England (the *Nautilus*); the first, I believe, which will sail loaded from the three ports.

This fledged trade compared with the wants of China, could not or none of the physical machinery of commerce here. Neither roads nor banks, nor paper money, nor established agents, nor, unfortunately, that state of which these are but symbols—a wide spread knowledge and a good enlightened government, security and credit amidst an enterprising people. Here "let the people perish alive in ignorance," is still the policy, and mutual distrust the practice. Partnerships even of those at the depôts of commodities exchangeable at a paying profit are unknown, or truly perhaps of any kind, are scarcely if ever tried. *Ex uno disce omnes*. But let us suppose that confidence and credit to a certain extent prevailed under the old system, that monopolists for once were generous, that the leopard had changed his spots, the Ethiopian his skin; that the twelve Hong merchants were philanthropists in the extreme, and desired to diffuse far and wide the benefits of European civilisation; there remained two barriers to be removed, which presented an obstacle so great, as to prevent our fabrics competing properly with native.

1st. The Canton man, selling, say to a Shanghai man, the goods were chargeable, and would have to bear and come into consumer's possession finally, loaded with two profits, the Canton man's and the Shanghai man's, while now one China profit sufficed.

2nd. The fact of transhipment being necessary—I do not allude to, extra freight alone—Coolie hire, pilfering, custom-house, and other dues, presented, from liabilities of damage and total loss, in a land where no insurance societies exist, a very great obstacle to merchants from the North taking our high-priced, closely-packed products.

From our commerce now all these disabilities are removed. The south and the north are in competition for us. We too may stay; or unskilled, unlearned, we may go. The law allows them and us—nay, their High Commissioner, the distinguished "Keying," thus speaks:—"Henceforth, joy and profit shall be the perpetual lot of all. Neither slight nor few will be the advantages reaped by the merchants alike of China and of foreign countries." And again:—"I do really day and night indulge in the fervent hope of an improved commercial intercourse, beneficial to all parties." "The people are glad in the prospects thus opened up." Indeed, in fact and in feeling, the change in our relations is manifest and real; not a mere paper change, or treaty humbug; and so being, I believe it must be regarded as almost incalculably valuable.

The towns or ports merely, now and thus opened, with their swarming thousands, will prove great consumers; but these are surrounded by villages, and are the keys to various portions of a vast and nearly overpeopled country.

Let it be recollected, also, that most important to us as a nation, the carrying trade of our goods to, and their goods from China, is, and will be for long and long, in our own hands. By this is secured to us that important portion of our fellow-subjects, the owners of those A1 leviathan ships, which trade between the countries, freights for their vessels; and there is established a school for seamanship, the grandest in the world, from which is to be obtained for our country the nerve and sinew of an unconquered and unconquerable navy, whom no hardships can deter, and no dangers appal.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

THE INSOLVENCY OF THE ROMFORD BANK.—On Monday there was a very numerous attendance at the Bankruptcy Court, of the creditors of the Romford Bank, that day being appointed for the examination of the Messrs. Johnson and Mr. Mann. Mr. Alderman Johnson was heard at considerable length. The chief points of interest elicited from his examination by Mr. James are comprised in the following statement:—Had you private accounts with the Romford Bank? Yes, I had, and I admit I owe it from £12,000 to £15,000, though I cannot call it overdrawing it. I had the customers' money out of the bank, and applied it to different purposes. I paid off a bond given 30 years since. I did not pay the bond off as I drew out these sums. I wish for an adjournment as to accounts, in order to give a better account than I can now.—Did you apply the overdrawn monies to the amount of £12,000 to the purposes of paying off this bond, because you have to account for the bills to an amount of £15,000? The interest upon the bond was £10,000, and I paid in bills and cheques to the Romford Bank in the name of Johnson and Mann, and which never were paid at my bankers, Messrs. Whitmore and Wells.—Look at the cheque for £1000, and tell me if you did not direct the cheques not to be presented? I never saw the cheques after I drew them. It is possible that in a single instance I might have given such directions, but it was not my habit. I do not know that the cheques I gave upon my bankers were not to be presented until I gave orders, although I had credit for them at the Romford Bank. I know that the cheques were entered at the end of the cash-books, and I was to compensate them when I was in funds to do so.—Was it not fully understood that the cheques you drew were not to be presented? I cannot say.—Here are cheques for £2750 drawn by Johnson and Mann. Did Mann know anything about it? I did not ask his approbation.—Answer the question. I was cash-keeper, and if the cheques had gone through my bankers, I must have given him information in relation to it. The cheques were retained as vouchers.—Were you not afraid of having those cheques presented, because of your using your partner's name. Yes or no?—I had no fear at the time; my partner did not dispute my intentions, and there would have been no dispute if my partner had then known it. I meant to have borrowed money to redeem these cheques from the bank, having had a credit for it, and drawn out the money. Have you dealt with several bills in the same manner?—Yes, I have, and that in order to increase my private credit. This bill for £1775 is drawn by me on the London House. And in your own name and for your own private purposes?—I admit it, but it was all for the benefit of the partnership. Have you drawn out £15,000 from the Romford Bank for your own purposes?—I never had all the money. No, I dare say not, at any one time in your pocket; but you had it?—Yes, I suppose I had. Do you not know the deficiency on the bill account amounts to £15,756 12s. 3d?—The books will tell, and that amount was used for the bank and the trade in London. What have you done with the money?—The bank cost £21,000 in rent, wages, &c., and the profits were very small. I spent nothing in pleasure, or merely for my own use. Mr. Mann was also examined. He stated that Mr. Alderman Johnson kept the cash, and he had im-

placit confidence in him. Some discussion ensued, and it was stated, that the assignees refused to continue an allowance to Mr. Johnson. Mr. George said the creditors would not consent until Mr. Johnson gave satisfactory accounts. When that was done an allowance would be immediately given. The result of the examination was, that an adjournment was directed to take place till November next, in order that in the interim the bankrupt's accounts should be fully gone into.

Robert Banister, a bankrupt, who recently absconded from his creditors with a large amount of property in his possession, has been arrested at Madeira, and on Wednesday surrendered at the Bankruptcy Court. The property in specie and bank notes recovered, and which is now in the hands of the official assignee, amounts to nearly £3,000.

ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE.

DELIBERATE MURDER OF A WIFE BY HER HUSBAND.—WESTERN CIRCUIT.—At Wells, on Monday, John Fisher was tried before Mr. Justice Patteson for the wilful murder of Mary Fisher, his wife. The first witness called was a servant girl named Evans. She stated that she had been a servant with the prisoner and the deceased about a fortnight before the deceased came by her death. The deceased lived at Weston-super-Mare, and kept a public-house or beer-shop there, known as the sign of the Devonshire Arms. He and the deceased did not live on good terms; but, on the contrary, there were frequent disputes and bickerings between them. On the 5th of June the prisoner had been out with a horse and cart that he kept, and returned about five o'clock. Nothing particular occurred for more than an hour after his return. At that time the prisoner and deceased commenced a quarrel about a lodger who had given notice to quit. It appeared that prisoner had informed deceased of it, in a way to insinuate that she was the cause of it; and she replied, that she was not going to put up with his temper, and that she wished all of them would leave. They continued quarrelling in the bar until nine o'clock, the deceased using the most aggravating terms of reproach to the prisoner. At nine o'clock witness took in a candle, and put it in the bar, as she was accustomed to do. Evidently for the purpose of annoyance the deceased immediately blew out the candle. The prisoner said a candle should be brought there, and ordered witness to relight it, which she did. There was a slate kept in this room on which was put the account of the beer sold and not paid for during the day. When witness took back the candle the deceased, in continuation of her annoyance to the prisoner, took up the slate, and said if a candle was put there, it would serve her the purpose to rub out the accounts on the slate, and she forthwith deliberately took the slate, and rubbed out all the accounts. This of course but increased the angry feeling between the parties, and they continued to quarrel until bed time, the deceased all this time saying everything she could think of to exasperate and annoy the prisoner. At about ten o'clock they went to bed, the deceased going up before the prisoner. She went at first in the prisoner's room, where she always slept, but came out of it before he came up, and went into witness's room (where also the two children slept), saying, as she did so, that she would never sleep with the old rascal again; when she came into the witness's room, witness locked the door. After a short time the deceased became very violent, and wanted to jump out of the window, which witness, with difficulty, prevented, and got her into bed. Shortly after the prisoner came up stairs, and, apparently, not finding her in the room, became to search for her in the room of witness. He found the door fast, and demanded admittance, which was refused. He then went away, and again returned and tried the door. Deceased wanted to get out at him, but was prevented by witness. Prisoner then said at the door that he wanted to get her to kill her, for that he was determined to kill her, and he might as well kill her that night as in the morning. After this still continued to quarrel, using all sorts of angry and provoking language towards each other. This continued till one o'clock, when their quarrels and abuse closed. Witness and deceased continued awake until three o'clock, when witness fell asleep. About five o'clock in the morning, she was suddenly awakened, and saw the prisoner standing with a large iron crow-bar at the bottom of the bed. The deceased was just raising herself in the bed, having one of her arms on the pillow. Before she could do so prisoner struck her three violent blows with the crow-bar on her head, which rendered her completely insensible, and she fell back. The prisoner stood over her for a moment, and then left the room. After the interval of a minute or two he returned, and then jumped on her chest, standing on her. He then got off and left the room again, and in a minute or two returned, holding a carving knife in his hand. He addressed the witness, and said she need not be afraid, as he did not want to hurt her. He then jumped on the chest of the deceased, standing on her with his feet, and stooping down lifted her head from the pillow, and deliberately cut her throat with the carving-knife. After having done this he stood and looked at her for a minute, and then left the room. Shortly after he was gone, witness, and Upsall, upon whom she had called before, came down stairs and got out of the house. She then dressed herself and left the house also, leaving the prisoner there. She afterwards returned when the policeman came. In cross-examination, the witness stated that she had only lived for a fortnight with the prisoner. He was a moody man, and upon one occasion she had seen and heard him walking about the house muttering to himself. After he had done the deed, and after Upsall went out of the house, the witness, in her way to do the same, met the prisoner. He said to her that he did not consider he had done any wrong, but had removed a great sinner out of the world. The deceased was a very violent woman. Corroborative evidence was given, and Mr. Cockburn addressed the jury on the part of the prisoner. After a summing up from the judge the jury returned a verdict of guilty. His lordship then, putting on the black cap, proceeded to pass on the unhappy man the awful sentence of death, which he heard unmoved, and was led from the dock urging excuses for his crime.

POLICE.

A CANDIDATE FOR IMPRISONMENT.—On Monday, at Union Hall police-office, Nicholas Giles, a poor emaciated-looking man, was charged with wilfully breaking a lamp belonging to the South Metropolitan Gas Company. A policeman of the M division stated, that while on duty the preceding night in High-street, he observed the defendant sitting crouched up at a door, which he left, and walking into the road, picked up a stone. He then returned to the pavement, and while the policeman was looking at him, threw the stone at a gas-lamp, which he broke, and then said he did it for the purpose of obtaining the shelter afforded in a station-house. In reply to Mr. Traill the unfortunate man said that he was in a state of destitution (which his appearance fully proved), that the wards for the casual paupers being full at the different workhouses where he applied for admission, he had no alternative left than that of seeking shelter in a station-house; but finding that could not be accomplished without he committed some offence, he thought it better to break a lamp than have recourse to plunder. The magistrate commiserated the poor fellow's condition, but said he could not be permitted to destroy property by wilful means. Mr. Traill committed him to prison for twenty-one days, a sentence with which the poor fellow seemed delighted. [We are aware that it is by no means an uncommon occurrence for men to seek refuge in prison rather than submit to become inmates of the poor house. Frequent proofs of this horror of the unions have been given, but yet it is rather ominous when instances can be found in happy England of men who are compelled to commit crime in order to obtain food and shelter.]

ROBBERY BY A GENERAL POSTMAN.—At Bow-street, on Monday, Patrick Larkin, a letter-carrier, employed at the General Post-office, was charged with stealing a number of checks and bills, the contents of letters placed in his hands, amounting collectively to £782 7s. 6d. Evidence was given of the prisoner having secreted letters which contained remittances addressed to Messrs. Glyn and Co., and Messrs. Barclay and Co. The documents enclosed in the letter addressed to Glyn and Co. were as follow:—A £500 Cornish bill on Praed and Johnston; a bank post bill of £15 9s. 10d.; ditto, £10; a check on Child and Co., £20; ditto, £10; a bill on Barclay and Co., £2 17s.; bill on Bank of England, £40; a Constantinople bill of £50; bill on Barclay and Co., £15; an order on paymaster of warehouse pensioners, £6 16s. 6d.; the letter and its contents having been forwarded from the manager of the Central Bank of Scotland, Mr. R. Burns. The letter to Messrs. Barclay and Co. was sent from the Perth Bank by Mr. David Craigie, and contained a draft on Smith and Co. for £100; a Scottish Hospital receipt for £2; and a navy bill, on the paymaster, for £9 14s. 2d.—The prisoner reserved his defence, and was remanded to Monday next.

CURIOUS ROBBERIES BY A "GENTLEMAN."—At Worship-street, on Tuesday, a gentlemanly-looking young man, named Octavius Clarke, (the son of an eminent deceased divine), was charged with stealing a gold watch, a number of articles of jewellery, a quantity of wearing apparel, and other articles, the property of Mr. Daniel Stalker Leese, a gentleman residing at No. 13, Haberdasher's-place, Hoxton, in the following off-hand manner:—Jane Weatherall, a servant to Mrs. Anne Hetherington, a widow lady, in whose house the prosecutor resides, stated that Mr. Leese left home shortly before 11 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, the 17th ult., and that directly after he had done so, the prisoner, whom she recognised as a friend of the prosecutor, rang the door-bell, and on her answering it, he wished her good morning, and walked direct up stairs into Mr. Leese's sitting room, where he asked her for hot water to shave with; she procured him a jugful, and the prisoner politely thanked her, and directed her to take the water into the prosecutor's bed-room, which she did, and was followed there by the prisoner, who then turned to her with a matter-of-course air, and said, "Jane, Mr. Leese says that you are to let me have his valise out of the closet, and that you are to put his shooting coat into it." The prisoner then began preparations for shaving himself, when witness, not being able to find the coat, the prisoner suggested that it might be in the sitting-room, and directed her to take the valise with her and put the coat into it. Witness went down stairs and packed up the things, leaving the prisoner in the bed-room, where he remained about 20 minutes, and then came down with another coat of the prosecutor's, a velvet one, upon his arm. He next asked her to call a cab for him, which she did, and on returning with it met the prisoner at the garden-gate, holding in his hand the valise, which having placed in the cab, he good-humouredly wished her good-by, and saying, "I dare say, Jane, we shall not be home till near ten to-night," drove off.—Mr. Leese stated, that he had known the prisoner, who was most respectably connected, for several years, and on the 15th ult. received a note from him, saying that he should call upon him the next day. The succeeding morning he accordingly did call, and passed the greater part of the day with him. On the morning of the 17th he left home, leaving all his property safe; but on returning in the evening was informed by the servant that the prisoner had been again, and taken away his valise and coat, as she understood, by his directions. Knowing the scapegrace character of the prisoner, and that he had sent him with no such directions, his suspicions became excited,

and he immediately went to his drawers in the bed room, one of which, in which he kept his jewellery, he could not open with his key; and on examining this drawer he found that it had already been forced open and damaged. On pulling the drawer out, he discovered that his gold watch, two finger-rings, a breast-pin, two gold watch-keys, and two mounted razors in a case, had been stolen from it; while from another drawer had been taken a blue cloth cap, a silk stock, one of his shirts, and a pair of socks. The witness, therefore, took steps to procure the apprehension of the prisoner. Mr. Leese added that the prisoner had formerly been in the navy, which he had been obliged to leave in consequence of robbing the mess; and while filling that situation had tattooed his arms with the figure of our Saviour, and representations of the sun, moon, and various stars. After the prisoner had been taken into custody, he wrote witness a letter, requesting him not to prosecute so old a friend as he had been, and beseeching him to call upon his (the prisoner's) mother, at her estate in Essex, and arrange the affair with her; but witness did not think it proper to do so, and now produced this letter against him.—John Dennett, footman in the service of Captain Chappel, 17, Queen-street, May-fair, with whom the prisoner was on visiting terms, stated that he met the prisoner on Monday, the 15th ult., in Halfmoon-street, Piccadilly, with a valise in his hand. The prisoner said he wished to leave this somewhere till he was able to go down to see his mother, and witness promised to leave it for him at the Sun public-house, in Sun-court, in that neighbourhood. The prisoner accompanied him there, and saw him deliver it to the landlady, when they came out together, and parted at the door.—Sergeant Rogers, C.S., who took the prisoner into custody, said the latter told him it would be useless to trouble any of the witnesses to prove the charge, as it was his intention to make a full acknowledgment of the whole. Witness told him not to be so rash, when he answered, in a tone of poignant regret, that he wished sincerely that he had been shot, for he had done it entirely through spite. Witness afterwards went to the Sun public-house, where he found the valise, containing a shirt, silk stock, a razor and razor-case.—These the prosecutor immediately identified as forming part of the property he had lost.—The prisoner, in a tone of depondency, declined saying anything in defence, and he was fully committed for trial upon this charge.—The prisoner was then charged with stealing a horse, the property of Mr. Samuel Smoothey, a farmer, at Birdbrook, near Clare, in Essex.—Evidence was given in support of the charge, and the prisoner was also committed upon it. He was, however, formally remanded for a week, as Sergeant Rogers said he had found upon the prisoner's person a great number of duplicates relating to valuable property; and he was satisfied that some of these, if not the whole, were connected with other robberies committed by him.

STRANGE APPLICATION AGAINST LOUIS PHILIPPE.—On Wednesday, at the Mansion-house, a tall, elderly, military-looking man, giving the name of Biehn Hilton, who stated that he was a Frenchman, proceeded to read to Sir J. P. Pirie, the sitting alderman, a sort of speech from a written paper. He commenced by saying he was well known to the French Government and the French Embassy; that in France he was, in 1830, Colonel of the 65th Regiment of the line; that he raised at his own expense, and paid from his own pocket, the two regiments called *Volontaires de la Charte*, and in other respects contributed to the downfall of Charles X., and the establishing Louis Philippe on the throne of France, who had thus become his (complainant's) debtor to the amount of £6000. Louis Philippe was well aware that he had aided in levelling his road to the steps of the throne, and at first duly acknowledged it, but when he got more firmly established, he forgot the claim, and on pressing for it he was banished.—Alderman Pirie wished complainant to discontinue reading, and say briefly what he wanted.—Complainant: A warrant to apprehend Louis Philippe, as soon as he lands in this country, for a debt of honour, amounting to £6000.—Alderman Pirie: The King of the French will not be here for a month, but we cannot interfere in the matter. You must apply to a civil court.—The applicant then left the court, saying he would take the magistrate's advice.

COUNTRY NEWS.

MONUMENT TO THE LATE EARL OF DURHAM.—Wednesday, the 29th inst., has been fixed for laying the foundation stone of the massive and magnificent temple to be erected to the memory of the late Earl of Durham, on Painswick-hill, in the county of Durham. A very numerous and highly respectable body of the friends and admirers of the deceased nobleman will attend the ceremony.

YORKSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society took place last week at Richmond, and proved satisfactory. In the cattle ground there was an average quantity of stock. The horses, both as regards number and quality, were superior to last year. In the implement yard there was a great number of agricultural implements of all descriptions, including every novelty in ploughs, harrows, three-thing machines, &c.

THE HARVEST.—A great deal of rain has fallen during the week in and around the metropolis. Our letters from the country, and the provincial journals, however, state, that although the wet has been considerable, there has, so far, been little impediment to the operations of the harvest field. In many places the hay and corn are down together.

IMPROVED STATE OF TRADE.—We are glad to find from the country papers that trade is improving in many of the manufacturing districts. The *Leeds Mercury* says, "We do not remember at any time greater activity in the principal branches of manufactures than there exists at present, except when that activity has been of a speculative and feverish character. Throughout Yorkshire and Lancashire, in the cotton, woollen, worsted, flax, linen, silk, cutlery, and machine-making businesses, trade is lively, and we believe all hands are employed. The poor rates are, of course, exceedingly relieved."

EXECUTION AT BODMIN.—Weeks, the murderer, was executed at the county gaol, Bodmin, on Monday, in the presence of thousands—men, women, and children. He made an entire confession of his guilt, of which, indeed, the conclusive evidence adduced on the trial did not leave a doubt. At times he endeavoured to collect his thoughts in reference to his direful exit. He said the perverseness of the young woman, Dymond, in refusing his professions of love for that of another had wrought up a demoniacal feeling that he could not account for, and, urged on thus, he committed the murder.

THE LATE FIRE AT GRAVESEND.—On Monday an inquest was held at the Rose and Crown, Upper Shoyne, near Rochester, to inquire into the causes of the death of James Miller, aged fifty-seven, who died from injuries received at the late fire near Gravesend. The coroner said it was quite clear that the accident happened from some defect in the flue; the fire thus communicated with the thatch of the roof, which, falling in upon deceased, he thus met his end. The jury, without hesitation, returned a verdict of "Accidental Death."

SALE OF A WIFE.—A few days ago a man named George Woodhead sold his wife, with all the ordinary formalities, in the Market-place, Leeds. The wife, who is rather a good-looking woman, about 25 years old, made her appearance, according to custom, with a halter round her neck. A large crowd of people having gathered round, the husband, who officiated as auctioneer, proceeded with the sale, and speedily "knocked down" his better half (as he is said to have done many a time before, in another way) to the highest bidder, a collier, William Idle, of Ousewell-green, near Rothwell, who purchased the lady for 5s. The sale had been mutually arranged between the parties, before it took place, the woman having contracted a second marriage with Idle in January last, and been living with him since that time. The people who had assembled on the occasion would have handled the husband rather roughly, had he not escaped into an adjoining public house. Woodhead was, however, disabused of the popular notion, that such sales are legal, as he was afterwards taken before the magistrates, who made him enter into his own recognizances for his good behaviour during the next six months. The woman will be tried for bigamy.

MURDER IN STAFFORDSHIRE, AND CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—A cowardly assassin was committed on Sunday night at Halmerend, near Newcastle-under-Lyme. On that evening a young man named William Cooper, son of a gamekeeper of Sir T. F. Boughey Bart., and who was in the habit of assisting his father, had been to chapel, and afterwards partook of some ale at a public-house. He left for home at an early hour, accompanied by a friend named Colclough, from whom he parted at his own house, and on reaching the door of his father's habitation he was shot in the throat by some person lurking near. The young man screamed and fell, and his father, hearing the noise, hastened to his assistance, and removed him into the house, where he died in a few minutes without uttering a word. Information of the murder having been conveyed to the constabulary office at Stoke, Major M'Knight and some of his assistants, proceeded to the spot early on Monday morning, and examined the premises. The footmarks of two individuals (one larger than the other) were distinctly traced from the house of Thomas Cooper, over a number of fields leading towards Scot Hay. About noon on Monday, Major M'Knight apprehended a collier named Paul Downing, in a partial state of intoxication, at Halmerend. Downing's boots were taken from his feet, and the heels were found to be studded in a remarkable manner with large nails. The larger footmarks, which had been traced, were accurately compared with these boots, and they corresponded in every particular. Downing, who had only been released from prison the day previous to the murder, where he had been confined for two months upon the evidence of the father of the deceased for poaching, said when taken into custody, that he slept on Sunday night with Charles Powys, at his (Powys's) father's house, at Scot Hay. Powys hearing that Downing was in custody, came in about an hour afterwards to attempt to clear him, by alleging that they had slept together on Sunday night. Suspicion instantly attached to Powys also, and his boots were taken from him and compared with the smaller footmarks, with which they appeared to agree. The house of Powys's father was afterwards searched, and in a nest of drawers a gun was discovered, locked up among some wearing apparel. The gun bore every appearance of having been recently discharged. A small quantity of powder was also found in the same place, wrapped up in a blue paper. This paper corresponded as nearly as possible with a piece of discharged wadding found upon the spot where the murder was committed. These facts were elicited at the inquest, which was adjourned for further evidence.

AWFULLY SUDDEN DEATH.—On Saturday last, William Bridge, a labourer aged 68, in the employ of Mr. J. Franklin, of the Buildings Farm, Dunmow, Essex, for the last twenty-one years, came to his work as usual about day break apparently in good health and spirits. About seven o'clock, while in the stable, endeavouring to collar a trace-horse, he called to his companion that he could not do it, and immediately fell dead. His master instantly sent for medical aid, but of no avail; life was gone. The deceased was a pensioner, having been in the Marines, and was confined nine years in prison in France. Mr. Franklin, in his deposition, stated that Bridge was very irregular occasionally in his living; at times breaking out into drinking, and anon, would not touch a pint of beer; in all other respects he believed there was not a more honest man living. On Monday an inquest was held at the Cricketers, before C. C. Lewis, Esq., when the jury, being satisfied that there had been no violence or accident, recorded a verdict "Died by the Visitation of God."

THE LATE BANK ROBBERY AT BIRMINGHAM.—William Stanley Warner, the clerk who decamped with twelve one-hundred pound notes from the Town and

District Bank of Birmingham, was brought up before Sir John Coltman, at the Warwick Assize, and pleaded guilty. The learned judge said the fact of the prisoner having been a long time entrusted as a confidential servant was an aggravation of his guilt, and it became highly necessary to make an example of confidential servants who abused the great trust reposed in them. It was then his duty to sentence him to fourteen years' transportation.

MURDER AT BOLTON.—On Monday afternoon an inquest was held at the Bridge Inn, Bolton, on the body of Patrick Murray, aged 29, a private in the 8th Regiment of Foot, who died in the barracks on the previous Wednesday, from a rupture of an intestine, caused by outward violence, inflicted upon him in a house of bad repute, on Saturday night, the 3rd instant. The circumstances attending this case are of a most extraordinary nature. The unfortunate man was brutally attacked in the house, and, apparently in a dying state, thrown into the ash-hole of the Bridge Inn. Early the following morning he was discovered, in a state of insensibility, by the ostler, who called assistance, and the poor fellow was removed, and placed upon some straw in the stable. On the Sunday night he was removed to the hospital, and attended by the surgeon of the regiment; and, although the man was evidently in a dying state, from the injuries inflicted upon him, yet the police were kept in entire ignorance of the affair; and it was not until after the funeral, on Friday, that it was known the man had been killed by some navigators. On Saturday two men and two women were apprehended on suspicion of being concerned in the brutal outrage, but the soldier being dead, they could not be identified, and therefore were discharged. The jury returned a verdict of "Died from the effect of outward violence, inflicted by some person or persons unknown."

STEAM-BOILER EXPLOSION AT WIGAN.—On Monday last an explosion took place at the coal-pit of Messrs. Blundell and Sons, Wigan, by which two lives were lost. The explosion caused a report similar to the firing of a volley of artillery, and was heard all over the town. The sufferers were Thomas Worthington, a Brow man, who resided in Pemberton, and a little boy about seven years of age, named Michael Ashcroft, who had been taking breakfast to his father, who was working in the mine at the time of the accident. Worthington, on being taken up, presented a most pitiable spectacle. He was much scalded on the body, one of his arms was fractured, and his head much injured. The boy was in a more lamentable state. One of his legs was severely lacerated, and he was apparently much more scalded than his fellow sufferer. Both the sufferers died soon afterwards. The engineer, at the time of the accident, was at the force-pump, and probably owed his escape from injury to the masonry. The injury done to the engine is very considerable, the spring-beam and collar are broken, and the parallel motion, pumps, and piston rods are much twisted. There was only one safety-valve, two inches in diameter, to the two boilers. The jury, at the inquest, returned the following verdict: "Accidental Death," with a deodand upon the boiler and other apparatus of £60.

THE HIGHLAND AND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND.—The annual cattle show of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, which has just taken place, was an exceedingly good one in every respect. The entries of stock were larger than upon any previous occasion. The names of the exhibitors occupied no less than 87 closely printed octavo pages. There were some splendid specimens of cattle. The show of horses gave great satisfaction. Of sheep the entries were very numerous, and under this class a pair of South American alpacas, accompanied by a young one two months old, were shown. The show of dairy produce was also greatly praised. In the class of extra stock some very rare and beautiful animals were shown. A pair of the white aboriginal cattle of Scotland, a breed now nearly extinct, were exhibited by Lord Belhaven, and attracted a great deal of notice. Among the implements there were a number of new and ingenious inventions and improvements. The dinner was attended by about 1200 under the presidency of the Duke of Richmond. The noble duke deigned to deny that in supporting agriculture his views were selfish. He said commerce and agriculture had the same interests, and one could not flourish without the other.

IRELAND.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY OF IRELAND.—The Dublin Monitor of Monday states that the ensuing meeting of this society will be a very splendid one. No less than 400 new members have lately joined to qualify themselves for the present meeting, including Lord Lorton, Lord Farnham, the Earl of Kingston, Sir Arthur Brooke, Faithful Fortescue, Esq., and several others, who have given large annual subscriptions for the purpose. The arrangements for the show yard are complete. Mr. Yates arrived on Saturday evening in charge of Prince Albert's stock, which his Royal Highness has sent over to the show.

THE REPEAL ASSOCIATION.—As usual, there was a meeting of the Repeal Association on Monday. Mr. Daniel O'Connell, jun., read the weekly "bulletin," issued from the Richmond Bricewell. He was happy to state that the prisoners were in perfect health, and he could state to the association, of his own knowledge, that when the account reached Mr. O'Connell of the speech made by Mr. Sheil, on the subject of the state trials, he expressed regret that any such speech should have been delivered—a regret not unmixed with some indignation. Mr. O'Connell totally disavowed and repudiated the matter of that speech; he thought it highly unbecoming as proceeding from any friend of his, and he considered it anything but a friendly act on the part of Mr. Sheil. Mr. O'Connell could never consider that man his friend who would talk of compromise. There had been an assertion attributed to Sir R. Peel by the public papers to the effect that the Government had intended to issue a proclamation against the holding of two meetings prior to that of Clontarf; but that the meetings were abandoned. He (Mr. O'Connell) had made inquiries, and he could now state to the association that if Sir Robert Peel made any such assertion, he did so upon false information, the assertion being itself perfectly untrue, as no meeting had been agreed to be held and then given up prior to the Clontarf proclamation. He did not attribute to Sir Robert Peel the falsehood of the assertion, but to the base men who misinformed him.—A motion was unanimously agreed to for the execution of Repeal rooms throughout the country.—Mr. Cobb Powell, M.P., in a very lengthened speech, commented on the late speech of Sir Robert Peel, which, he affirmed, had only confirmed him in his adhesion to the Repeal policy. The hon. gentleman moved that a petition for a Repeal of the Union, signed by one million of persons, should be forwarded to the Queen.—Mr. Grattan supported the motion, and commented upon the late speech of the Prime Minister. He said that the custom of John Bull was to insult and abuse. How long were the insults put upon them to be endured? How long! He hoped that he should live to see the day in which they would make England rue the expressions which she had used towards them. (Tremendous cheers.)—The rent amounted to £946 17s. 3d.

THE JUDGMENT IN THE WRIT OF ERROR.—We find from the minutes of the proceedings of the House of Lords that judgment will be given in the case of O'Connell and the other defendants on Monday the 2nd of September, to which day that house adjourned. The following is the form of the entry on the minutes:—"Gray v. the Queen" (writ of error); and "O'Connell and others v. the Queen" (writs of error). To be considered on Monday, the 2nd of September next, at ten o'clock; the judges then to attend, to deliver their opinions upon the questions of law propounded to them.

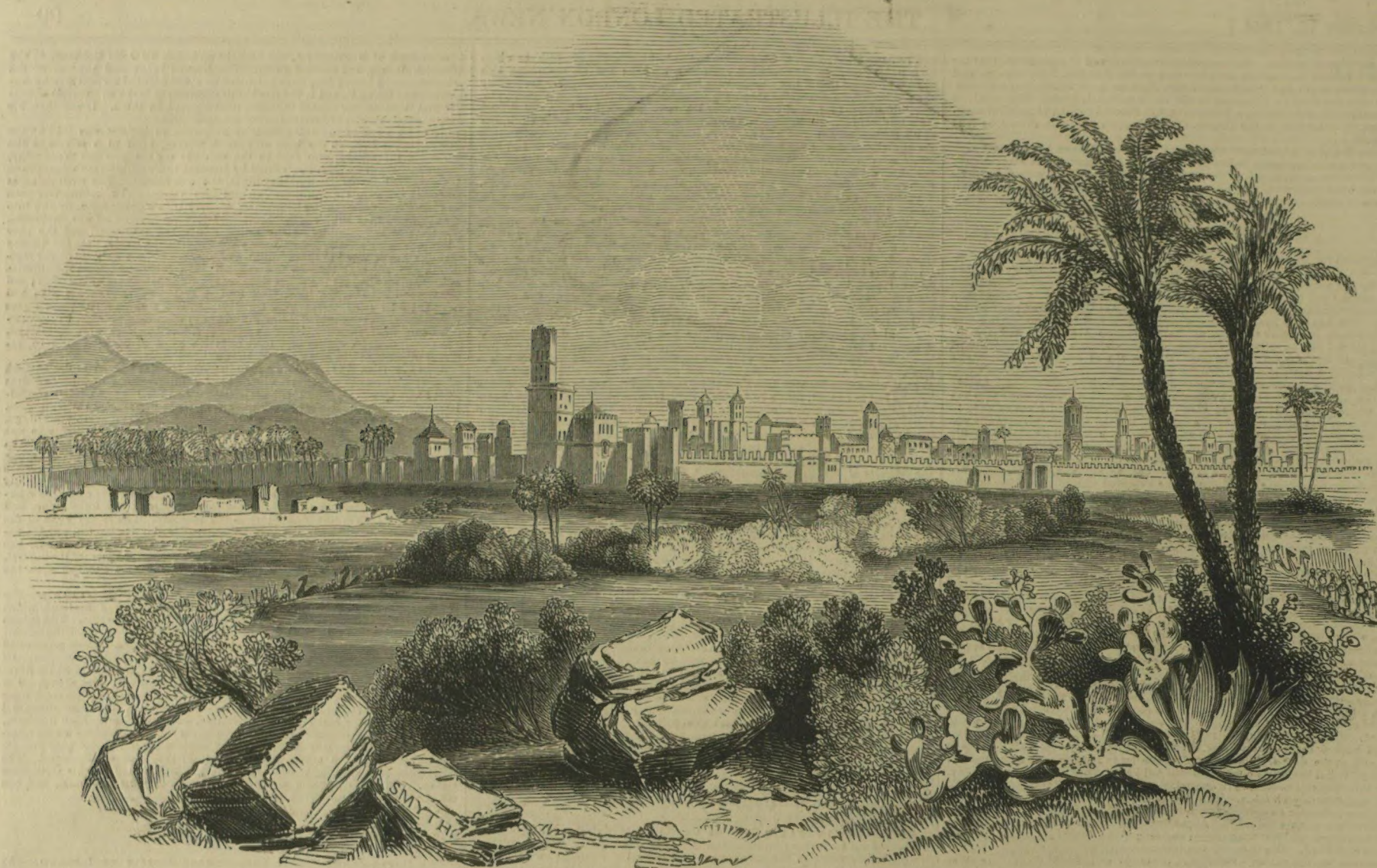
EXECUTION OF TWO WOMEN AT ROSCOMMON.—On Wednesday week two women named Catherine Brien and Bridget Lanigan were executed in front of the county gaol, Roscommon. There were not less than 7000 persons present, and of these one-half at least were females. The Rev. Mr. Madden, immediately after the arrival of the soldiers, proceeded with the sub-sheriff to remove the convicts to the chapel, where they heard mass; after which they proceeded across the gaol-yard to the jury-room (called the farwell-room), the priest still in attendance. Catherine Brien, on her way to the chapel, laughed and saluted those she met on her way to the execution-room, and appeared in good health and spirits. She protested that she had neither hand, act, nor part in the murder; but did not deny that she knew of it, and therefore admitted the knowledge of all that took place. Bridget Lanigan, who appeared rather weak and depressed, admitted her guilt, and stated that she murdered her brother-in-law, and that she was anxious, along with her sister, to forgive all her prosecutors.

ANOTHER FRIGHTFUL MURDER.—An inquest was held last week at Shinrone, on the body of Thomas Granville, a stonemason, who was brutally waylaid and murdered near that village, which is in King's County, on the 6th instant. The evidence given went to show, that the deceased having been intimate with a girl named Cahill, her brothers, inflamed with revenge, had frequently been heard to threaten him, his house was attacked, and on many occasions the police had to protect him. On the evening of the 6th instant, Granville's mother, about ten o'clock, had proceeded to Shinrone, when her son determined to meet her in order to carry her over a part of the road which was flooded near the bridge of Kilcommon, adjacent to which there was a wake, where many persons, and among them were the Cahills, were assembled. Granville was seen taking off his shoes and stockings, and must have been followed down to a dark part of the road, where his assailants waited his return. They fractured his skull in several places, and broke his arm and jaw-bone, and from the severity of the wounds, it is thought instantaneous death must have ensued. Some boys going home found him on the road, bathed in his own blood, and bore him to the home of his aged parents. A verdict of "Wilful murder" against some persons unknown, was returned.

THE EMPIRE OF MOROCCO.

The recent dispute between France and Morocco has naturally excited a desire to obtain some particulars respecting the latter kingdom, which forms the subject of our illustration. It is, however, a matter of considerable difficulty to get accurate statistical information, for there are evidently gross exaggerations, for instance in regard to its population. It is variously represented. Jackson professes to have had access to the Imperial Registers, and gives the following as the result:—City of Morocco, 270,000; city of Fez, 280,000; city of Mequinez, 110,000; other cities, 135,000; provinces, 13,991,000. Total, 14,886,000. Another writer is of opinion that the entire population is not beyond 5,000,000. Perhaps 6,000,000 is nearer the truth. A work has recently been published at Madrid, by Don Serafin Calderon, who gives the following estimate of the resources of Morocco. He says:—

The annual revenues of the empire are stated to amount to 2,000,000 piastres, and the expenses not to exceed 990,000 piastres. This excess of more than a million of piastres goes to swell the amount of treasure deposited in Mequinez, or, as it is otherwise called, "Meitul Mel," i.e., the House of Treasure. This fund is stated to belong rather to the Emperor himself, than to the public money. The annual expenses of the land and sea forces are put down at only 68,000 piastres.



MOROCCO.

The comparative smallness of this sum is explained by the fact, that a great portion of the army is formed of free and irregular troops, and paid, not out of the Imperial, but out of different local revenues. The active army is stated to amount at present to about 16,000 men. Of these, about one-half are blacks, and there are about 2000 artillery men in the empire. The maritime forces of Morocco, once so powerful, have dwindled down to three brigs and some gunboats, which are stationed at the mouths of the principal rivers along the coast. The number of officers and men employed in the maritime department does not exceed 1500. The riches of the Pachas of the different provinces, principally amassed by extortion and the most despotic exercise of power, are described as being very considerable.

The empire of Morocco is on the extreme west of North Africa, bounded on that side by the Atlantic Ocean; on the east, by the river Mubria, which parts it from Algiers; on the north, by the Mediterranean Sea; and on the south, by the river Sus, beyond which is the Sahara, or Great Desert. This extensive space is finely diversified with hills and valleys, a great part of which has never yet been visited by Europeans; and there are various rivers flowing from the great Atlas range of mountains, which traverses the empire in its greatest length, at some distance from its southern and eastern boundary, and attains the height of nearly 12,000 feet. These rivers disembogue into the Mediterranean Sea and Atlantic Ocean; the large ones forming bar harbours, which, though now so neglected as to admit of small vessels only entering them, might readily be converted to good stations for steamers. A ramification of the great mountain range turns to the north, and is there known as the Lesser Atlas, of which Mount Abyla, or Ape's Hill, opposite Gibraltar, may be deemed the northern scarp. The plain between the Atlas mountains and the sea is between four and five hundred miles in length; and the highest peak of the chain is 13,050 feet. In 1547, an Arabian chief, of the race of the Schireffes, ascended the throne, and his posterity still rule.

Morocco is necessarily warm, but not so much so as might be ex-

pected from its geographical situation; the interior is cooled by the mountain winds, and the margin experiences the alternations of land and sea breezes, while the climate is at once mild and salubrious. The seasons are divided into the dry and the wet, the latter generally being from November till March. The soil, where cultivated, is in the highest degree fertile; but there are everywhere large tracts entirely uncultivated.

The Moors are the principal inhabitants of the towns, where they fill the higher offices of government, and form the military class; hereditary distinctions, however, are unknown among them; by birth they are all equal; and they admit no difference of rank except such as is derived from official employments, on the resignation of which the occupant mixes again with the common citizens. They are the only nation of Morocco with which the Europeans have had an immediate intercourse; and many of them are descended from those who were so impolitically and cruelly expelled from Spain—an act which commenced the downward march of that country. Their language is the Moghreb, a dialect of the Arabic, intermixed with many Amazirk (the original tongue) and Spanish words. They are tall, handsome, and of every shade of complexion, white, tawny, yellow, and even black, a result of the greatly encouraged marriages with the women of Sudan. In the absence of almost every public amusement, the habits of a Moor of condition are very simple; and his rigid adherence to established usages makes one day the picture of every other. He rises with the sun, and as he sleeps in part of his dress, his toilet costs him little trouble. He offers up his prayer as the loud voice of the Muezzin reminds him of monotheism and the prophet's mission, and then breakfasts on a cup of coffee, some sweetmeats, and perhaps the luxury of his pipe of el keefe, or hemlock flowers, tobacco being rarely used. He then orders his horse, and rides for two or three hours, after which, about noon, he dines on pillau, zummit, and other dishes highly seasoned. In the afternoon

he frequents the coffee-house, or enters the mosque. In the evening he returns home to sup, or rather to take a second dinner, and then goes to bed.

The Arabs are the next important branch of the Moroquin population, although evidently not an indigenous portion. Their language is a tolerably pure Arabic, and they are supposed to be the descendants of those who fled from Yemen when the Mahometan tenets were first promulgated; following the chiefs whose names they have preserved in Beni Zarnoi, Beni Razin, Beni Yedir, Beni Talid, Beni Bezi, Beni Waleed, and the like. They are widely dispersed over the plain, where they still adhere to their nomade wanderings and pastoral avocations; and are at once hardy, active, and intelligent. They live in dusky encampments called *douars*, each consisting of numerous tents, and having large flocks and herds, from which, with a slight attention to agriculture, they entirely subsist themselves with food, home-made raiment, and surplus for markets; but they are expected to pay the property tribute, and are obliged to provide passing troops with corn, butter, honey, and meat.

The negroes are the least in number of the people of Morocco, yet constitute an important branch of its population. They are usually imported as slaves, though, on good behaviour, frequently obtain their liberty; and the kind liberality with which they are generally treated ensures the propriety of their conduct. From among them is formed the bodyguard of the Emperor—a force once very formidable, but at present not above 5000 or 6000 strong.

The government of Morocco is purely despotic. The Emperor has unlimited power. His authority extends not only over the lives and property of his subjects, but their consciences too, of which, as the representative of Mahomet, he is the spiritual guide. He is the framer, judge, interpreter, and, when he pleases, sole executor of his own decrees; and the duties, coins, weights, and measures are consequently as variable as his own opinions.

With such motley and contradictory elements, it is difficult to predict the consequence of an invasion of Morocco on a competent scale, or what would be the nature and amount of its army on a crisis. In the general cases when the Emperor wants troops, they are levied by contribution in the provinces for a limited service, but they receive very little pay or gratuity, and therefore support themselves and families by plundering every way they can. In this manner he might raise from 150,000 to 200,000 men of sorts with barely any distinction of uniform, and variously armed, but all capable of enduring hunger, thirst, and fatigue, with the utmost patience. Averse to the sea, though dreaded as rovers, they never were good sailors, but on land seem ever ready for action; and with them a stranger and an enemy are synonymous terms. Their general plan of attack is that of riding up till within a couple of hundred yards of the enemy, when they level muskets, fire, wheel round their horses, and gallop away at full speed; after which, when beyond shot-range, they re-load and return to the charge with loud yells.

But should a powerful enemy succeed in occupying the plains of the country, with their towns and cities, it is still very far from completing the conquest of Morocco; and even to maintain such occupation it would require that the conquerors should be absolute in the maritime supremacy of the Mediterranean.

BOMBARDMENT OF TANGIER.

The *Times* correspondent, dating Paris, Thursday Morning, Aug. 15, quotes the following from the *Débats* of this day:—

“We are assured that the Government received this (Wednesday) night the following important intelligence from the coast of Africa:—

“The reply to the ultimatum, sent to the Emperor of Morocco by the Prince Admiral commanding the French fleet, has not appeared satisfactory. His Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville ordered the bombardment of the advanced works which defend Tangier.

“Those works have been destroyed.

“The European quarter of the town has been spared.

“Mr. Drummond Hay, the Consul-General of England, took refuge on board the French Admiral's ship.”

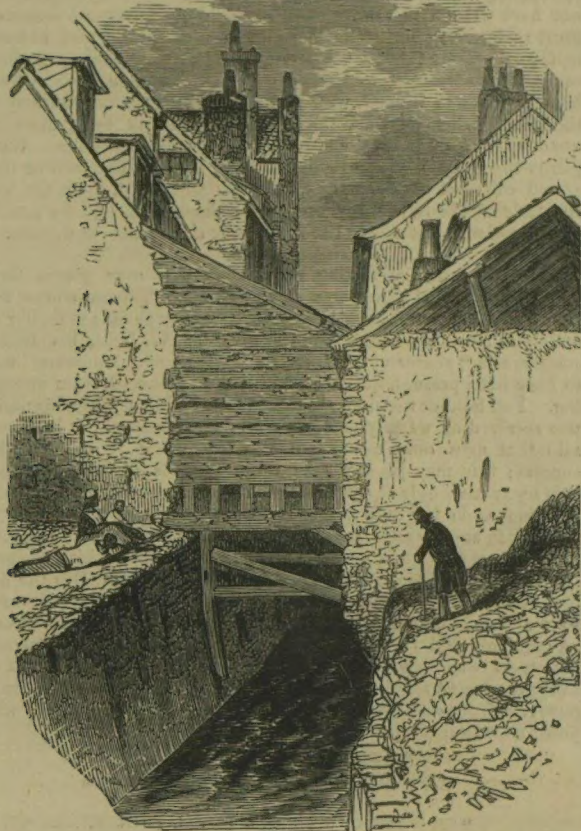
Tangier, of which our cut affords a representation, is situated near the western entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar, and is the town where the European Consuls-General reside. It is on a hill, near a spacious bay, 14 miles west of Cape Spartel. Three small fortresses defend its harbour. The houses are generally small and inconvenient, excepting those belonging to the European Consuls, and a few wealthy persons. The streets are, however, wider and straighter than those in other towns of the empire. The Roman Catholics have a church, which is the only Christian establishment of the kind in the empire; but the Jews have several synagogues. The commerce of the place is limited to some trade with Gibraltar and the opposite coast of Spain. The population is between 6000 and 9000 persons.



TANGIER.

OLD HOUSE IN CLERKENWELL.

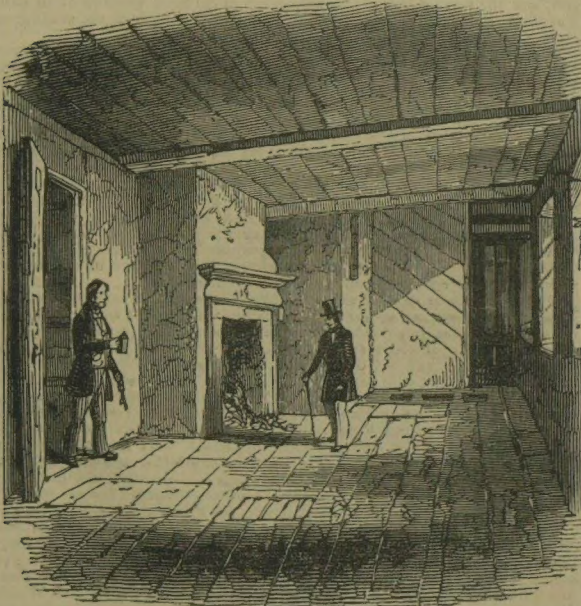
The building of New Farringdon-street, engraved in No. 95 of our Miscellany, is gradually progressing; and, in clearing the ground for its continuation northward, some dwellings of considerable antiquity have been exciting much more of the public attention than they are entitled to. Among them is the house represented in our first engraving: it is situated in West-street, formerly called Chick-lane, at which point New Farringdon-street now terminates; it is reputed to have been built 300 years ago, and was once known as the Red Lion Tavern; but, for the last century, it has been used as a lodging-house. It is



OLD HOUSE IN CLERKENWELL.

situated on the west bank of Fleet River, now called the Fleet Ditch, and used as a common sewer. As our engraving shows, it has a lofty gable; but the tiled roof and whitewashed exterior walls, do not denote the actual age of the structure. Our engraving represents the exterior of the house, the artist looking southward, up Fleet Ditch, towards the Thames.

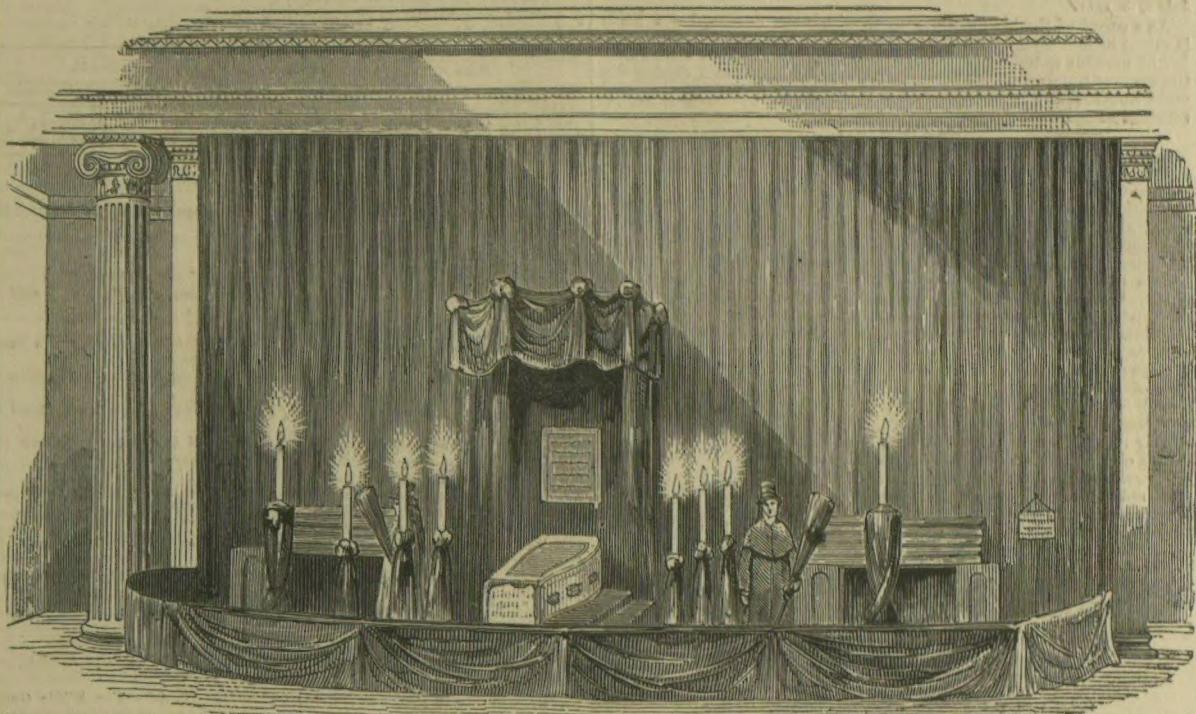
The mode in which this house is internally disposed denotes it to have long been "a den of thieves;" and up to the last Middlesex sessions it was tenanted by persons of dishonest and abandoned habits. It has all the conveniences of a hiding-place, with concealed means of escape—in dark closets, sliding panels, and secret recesses, and by as many trap doors as in the stage of a theatre. By passing down one of these traps, the pursued could elude the vigilance of the police, by getting through a window and crossing the Fleet Ditch over a plank which was kept at hand, and afterwards drawn into the opposite house. The pursued might then pass into Black Boy-alley, and thereby get into Cow-cross, and the knot of courts and alleys in that neighbourhood. Immediately under the basement is a capacious dark cellar, and contains a den, or cell, wherein have been found a human skull and some bones, and the top of a butcher's steel, bearing on it "Benjamin Turtell, July 19, 1787," in silver letters and figures. This cell is about four feet wide, and nine in depth, excavated in the rough earth. It was here that a chimney-sweep, named Jones, who escaped out of Newgate about three years since, was so securely hidden, that, although the house was repeatedly searched by the police, he was never discovered, till it was divulged by one of its inmates, who, incautiously observing that he knew whereabouts Jones was concealed, was taken up, and remanded from time to time as an accessory to his escape; but when at last tired of prison fare and prison



INTERIOR OF THE OLD HOUSE.

discipline, pointed out the place to obtain his own liberty. Jones had his food conveyed to him through a small aperture, by a brick or two being left out next the rafters. It was here, about seven years since, that a sailor was robbed, and afterwards flung naked, through one of the convenient apertures in the wall, into the sewer, for which two men and a woman were transported for fourteen years.

The second engraving shows the principal room on the ground-floor, long occupied as a chandler's shop, by way of lulling suspicion. Immediately behind the counter were trap-doors, one of which was used as a means of escape, and the other opened into a secret depository for stolen articles. Upon the first floor, too, are several hiding-places; and among the contrivances is a spout, the entire extent of the house, through which stolen property could be removed with the greatest dispatch. The means of escape through the roofs, and their communication with the roofs of the adjoining houses, are also very intricate. It is related that, on one occasion, though the premises were surrounded by seven police officers, a thief made his escape by its communications with the adjoining houses, which were all let out to the lowest characters. This house (No. 3) is stated to have been the abode of the notorious Jonathan Wild, but we are not aware of the authority for the statement. There has, however, been found in one of the rooms, an old, rusty, nearly worn-out knife, the blade of which bore the name of "Rippam," and on the handle "J. Wilde." It is of very peculiar make, and evidently of ancient manufacture. These premises, we should add, are approached by



THE LATE DR. DALTON—LYING IN STATE.

West-street, through the gateway of the Red Lion Inn-yard; the adjoining house is old, but has not the fittings of its neighbour.

This extraordinary place has been inspected by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Lonsdale, parties of magistrates, and a crowd of visitors, for some days past. By the active measures of the commissioners for carrying out the improvements in this neighbourhood, possession was obtained of the property, on compensating the freeholders, and the houses have since been taken down.

It is impossible to look upon the place, seated upon the bank of a foul ditch, without reflecting upon the two-fold pestiferous influence of this moral and physical nuisance in the very heart of our metropolis; and it is only in this view, and as a fragment of old London, that the place is entitled to illustration in our columns. The eagerness, however, with which crowds have flocked to this den of infamy, proves that the morbid taste for Jack Sheppardism is not yet extinct. West-street, by the way, debouches into Field-lane, that notorious region of Bandana, admirably described by Mr. Dickens, in his master-piece, "Oliver Twist."

The Fleet, of which we get a glimpse in the first engraving, was formerly navigable to a considerable extent. Along this rapid stream, whence its name, the Danish fleet, under King Sweyn, passed, after burning Southwark, and anchored in triumph beside the spot now known as Bagnigge-wells. Stow tells us, that the river was "of depth and width sufficient, than ten or twelve ships at once, with merchandise, were wont to come to the bridge of Fleete." According to another writer, "the tide flowed as high as Holborn-bridge, where there were five feet of water at the lowest tide, and brought up barges of considerable burthen." Yet, this falls considerably short of vessels sailing up to Bagnigge-wells!

LYING IN STATE, AND FUNERAL OF THE LATE DR. DALTON.

We now supply our readers with a full account of the lying in state and funeral of this distinguished philosopher.

THE LYING IN STATE.

This ceremony took place at the Town-hall, Manchester, on Saturday last. The room was hung for the occasion with black drapery, which covered the whole of the side wall between the two entrances. A semicircular space, extending from one entrance to the other, was enclosed in front of this wall, by a light guard, or rail, covered with black cloth. In the centre of this space, which, at its greatest diameter, extended ten or eleven feet from the wall, was placed a platform (to which there was an ascent by two steps), about eight feet in length, by three feet in breadth, upon which the coffin was placed, with its head to the wall, and its feet towards the centre of the arch formed by the fence. Over the platform and coffin was a handsome square canopy, covered with black drapery, appropriately festooned. The floor of the platform, steps, and enclosed space, was covered with black cloth, and black fluted draperies covered the whole wall. The room was darkened for the occasion; all the windows were closed, so as to exclude the daylight; they were covered with black draperies; and the apartment was lighted by the two gas candelabra, and also by eight wax candles of exceedingly large size, in tall candlesticks, covered with crape, and placed on square pedestals covered with black cloth.

The inner coffin is of strong oak, which is enclosed in a leaden one.

Upon the lid of this lead coffin is soldered a strong copper plate, bearing the following inscription:—

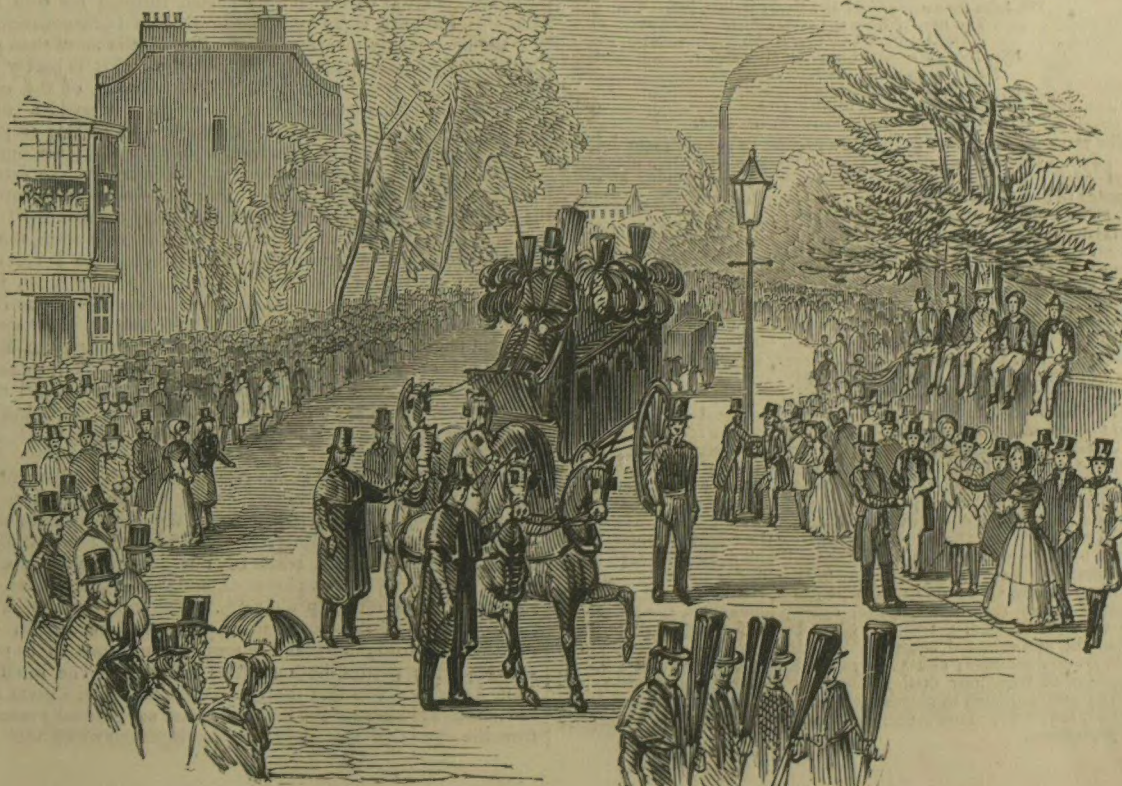
Within this coffin are the mortal remains of John Dalton, D.C.L., L.L.D., F.R.S.S.L. and E.; M.R.I.A., member of the Institute of France, President of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, &c. &c. &c.; the illus-



STATUE OF THE LATE DR. DALTON.

trious philosopher, who, amongst his many brilliant discoveries, first developed, by the power of his exalted genius and profound scientific investigations, the law of the arrangement of the ultimate atoms of matter, and of their uniting in certain definite proportions, which compose that great variety of bodies existing in nature. He was born at Eaglesfield, in Cumberland, on the 5th day of September, 1766, and died at Manchester, the 27th day of July, 1844, where he had lived 51 years.

The outer coffin is a very handsome one, being constructed of a



FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE LATE DR. DALTON.

very beautiful specimen of the finest curled Spanish mahogany, highly polished. It is quite without ornament, other than a projecting lid and base, and handles of frosted brass. Upon the lid is a shield-shaped breast-plate of brass, on which was engraved:—

John Dalton, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. &c. Born, September 6th, 1766; died, July 27th 1844.

As a proof of the high estimation in which the deceased was held, it might be mentioned that during the first hour and a half, the number of persons entering the room averaged 110 a minute; afterwards the average number varied from 90 to 100 per minute; and, during the eight hours, it has been computed that not fewer than forty thousand persons passed through the room.

THE FUNERAL.

On Monday morning, the preparations for the funeral commenced at an early hour. The sky looked gloomy; and, as the barometer indicated more rain, many parties were, from the apprehension of showers, induced to take their part in the procession in carriages rather than on foot. Fortunately, however, the sun broke forth, and the morning continued fine during the whole of the procession and interment; and the first few drops of rain that fell were about a quarter before two o'clock, some short time after the last rites had terminated. The various societies and public bodies assembled at their own institutions, and proceeded thence at or soon after ten o'clock to the Town Hall, where different rooms were assigned to them, and whence they were directed to their places in the procession.

At twenty minutes after ten o'clock the hearse arrived at the Town Hall, and shortly afterwards the coffin was placed in it. The design on the funeral car was simple, but bold in execution; the cornice was composed of scrolls and arches, supported by massive trusses, resting on a plinth, dividing the sides into three compartments. The centre on one side was occupied by a representation of Death: at the supposed moment of the departure of the spirit, the relatives are gathered round the couch; the clergyman has closed his book; all seem absorbed in grief, whilst the spirit is represented as winging its way to realms of bliss. The six black horses, with black velvet quarter-cloths, led by two grooms in mourning attire, greatly heightened the tout ensemble of this handsome funeral car.

The following was the programme of the procession, as fixed by the committee of management:—

- Police constables.
- Mutes.
- Steam engine and machine makers, millwrights, &c.
- Manchester and Salford Temperance Association.
- Private carriages.
- Gentlemen, not representing any public body, on foot.
- School of Design.
- Portico Committee.
- Salford Literary and Mechanics' Institution.
- Medical Society.
- Private club of which Dr. Dalton was a member.
- President of the Sheffield Philosophical Society.
- Athenæum.
- Geological Society.
- Botanical and Horticultural Society.
- Manchester Mechanics' Institution.
- Royal School of Medicine and Surgery.
- Royal Manchester Institution.
- Medical Officers of the Manchester Lying-in Hospital.
- Natural History Society.
- Manchester Agricultural Society.
- The Society of Friends.
- The Boroughreeve of Salford, the constables and churchwardens.
- The Mayor and Corporation of Salford.
- The Churchwardens and Side-men of Manchester.
- Boroughreeve of Manchester.
- The Mayor and Corporation of Manchester.
- Mutes.

THE HEARSE,

drawn by six black horses; all covered with black velvet quarter cloths, with two men in mourning attire, at the leaders' heads. On each side the hearse walked four bearers.

RELATIVES AND MOUERNERS.

The mourners, relatives, and immediate friends of the deceased, were contained in six mourning coaches (each drawn by four black horses), and a private carriage, which set out from the late Dr. Dalton's residence, Faulkner-street, and took their place in the procession at the Town Hall.

After the procession moved, the police lining the streets on both sides gradually closed together as they approached the cemetery, at or near the gates of which the greatest pressure was to be apprehended; and, by their numerical force, and the excellent arrangements, they prevented any disorder or confusion. It is right to add, that there was not the slightest attempt, on the part of the dense crowds, to force their way; and nothing could be more marked or gratifying than the quiet, orderly behaviour, and silent and respectful demeanour, of the immense concourse of persons along the whole distance.

On the procession entering the cemetery, the police kept the gates and the outer enclosure, and lined the principal walk; and some of them directed all the carriages into the side walk, where they set down their occupants, and then passed out of the cemetery by the gate at the end of the side walk, in Summer-place. The van of the procession entered the cemetery at a quarter-past twelve. The hearse reached the gates at twenty-five minutes before one o'clock; and it wanted ten minutes of one o'clock when the last carriage entered the cemetery, followed by the police, who then closed the gates.

The train of mourners proceeded up the principal walk in the following order:—

- Four Mutes.
- Pall Bearers.
- Rev. E. Sibson.
- Dr. Fleming.
- Dr. Bardsley.
- Mr. Mark Philips.
- [Dr. Holme was to have been one of the pall-bearers; but, we believe, he was at Northampton, attending the annual meeting of the Medical Provincial Association.]
- The coffin was borne by eight bearers, four on each side; and they supported it during the forming of the procession within the cemetery.
- Mourners:
- Mr. and Mrs. R. Abbott, and Mr. and Mrs. R. Benson, jun.
- Mr. Henry Dalton and Miss Wood.
- Mr. John Robinson and Miss Johns.
- Mr. John Dalton and Miss Hoyle.
- Mr. John Dalton, jun., and Mr. Henry Dalton, jun.
- The Rev. William and Mrs. Johns.
- Mr. Alderman and Mrs. Neild.
- Miss Potts, Mr. Peter Clare and Miss Taylor.
- Mr. Josh. Compton and Mrs. Ransome.
- Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Binyon.
- Mr. and Mrs. Olive Simms.
- Dr. Lyon Playfair and Mrs. J. A. Ransome.

The procession was met at the west avenue to the platform by the Rev. James Bradley, registrar of the cemetery, who wore a black silk scarf over his white surplice. The reverend gentleman, at eight minutes to one o'clock, headed the procession to the vault, pronouncing, as he walked, passages from scripture.

Having taken his place in the pulpit, and after the coffin had been placed at the side of the vault,—the mourners, municipal authorities, friends, and the members of the Literary and Philosophical Society, being all grouped around,—the reverend registrar read the following parts of scripture:—Psalms xxxix. xc. and 1st Cor. xv. verse 20 to the end. The coffin having been lowered into the vault, the reverend gentleman read passages in the usual burial service.

The Rev. Mr. Bradley then offered prayer, which was composed by him and uttered on his own responsibility, and from veneration for the character and very extensive usefulness of the deceased.

The funeral service was concluded with the usual benediction, at twenty-four minutes after one o'clock. The parties forming the great bulk of the procession then left the cemetery, after looking at the coffin as placed in the vault. The mourners were the only parties who left by the principal gate. They returned to the residence of the late Dr. Dalton, in Faulkner-street; and during the afternoon, the will and codicil of the deceased were read.

The cemetery was thronged with crowds the whole afternoon; the public being freely admitted to see the vault and coffin. The cemetery was admirably kept by a strong body of the police; but they had little trouble or difficulty in doing so, as, notwithstanding the many thousands of people that were admitted during four hours, there was not the slightest disorderly feeling manifested. All appeared hushed, respectful, and subdued, and passed in and out of the cemetery in the most orderly manner; and throughout the whole day the greatest propriety of behaviour distinguished the immense concourse collected; and, although in places they were densely and inconveniently packed, they everywhere preserved an ample space for the passage of the procession.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, August 18.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
MONDAY, 19.—Royal George sunk, 1782.
TUESDAY, 20.—Robert Bloomfield died, 1823.
WEDNESDAY, 21.—Bernadotte crowned, 1810.
THURSDAY, 22.—Battle of Bosworth, 1485.
FRIDAY, 23.—Stampa on Newspapers, 1713.
SATURDAY, 24.—St. Bartholomew.

High Water at London-bridge, for the Week ending August 24.

Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
5 12	5 31	5 52	6 16	6 40	7 6
					7 37
					8 13
					8 56
					9 38
					10 24
					11 6

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Chirurgus."—A game certificate must be taken out in the parish where the party resides.
"W. P."—We consider one as good as the other.
"Rodolphus."—The universe directed correctly.
"T. N. E."—We are not aware of the existence of any such act.
"J. A. Tenterden."—Papers go free to Canada, but are charged if sent to the United States.
"Notro."—An engraving of it will appear soon.
"A Subscriber."—Kildwick.—The exemption from toll applies only in cases where a minister is on his way to perform divine service.
"An Old Subscriber."—The action between the Shannon and the Chesapeake was fought during the American War.
"W."—We are in no way responsible for the contents of books advertised in our journal.
"A. B. C."—A. cannot detain the property; and it depends upon how the reward has been offered whether it is recoverable or not.
"H. H. H."—Clarke, Warwickshire. 16.
"Edith."—The act protects the person named from any penalties in respect of the pending drawing; but future drawings will be illegal.
The American Beehive next week.
"B. and a Builder."—will see their suggestion attended to in the present number.
"J. Williams."—We will attend to the suggestion. We have received a verbal paragraph as communications, which can only be inserted as advertisements.
"A Subscriber."—Falmouth.—The phrase is correct.
"J. H."—Falmouth.—The charge of 1d. was legal.
"C. B."—Please to send us the sketch.
"Werner."—We shall see.
Several answers to correspondents are postponed till next week.
Books, music, &c., not noticed this week will be attended to next.
CHESS.—(Errata in Problem, No. 49: "Amateur, T. A."—The White Queen has been omitted by the printer, together with the square on which she should be placed—K. Kt. 3rd.
"B. B."—Problem received.)
DRAUGHTS.—"Latrunculator."—The white cannot take both the men at the same move.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1844.

THE virtual, if not actual, end of the Session, of course "makes a pause and leaves a void," in the domestic politics of the week; the legislators have dispersed,—one to his farm, another to his merchandise, and what is called "the Season," is brought to a close. The Opera only outlives by a few nights, the other, and rival house at Westminster, so much frequented by "Her Majesty's servants," and where they enact so many parts, more we fear to their own satisfaction than that of the spectators—the nation. The voices of the Premier and the prima donna cease together, and for the public Peel and Persiani are alike mute; grouse-shooting has begun, and Grisi sings no more; the summer is over, the woods are in the sere and yellow leaf, the beauty of the country is gone, so every body rushes into it, having spent the best months of the year among the artificial amusements of the artificial life of a great capital! Such, however, is custom, that it can reconcile us to anything, however irrational.

Parliament then being "up," as it is called, the attention of the public is more exclusively directed than before to foreign politics. On the improved prospect of affairs between this country and France we have remarked elsewhere, and as the Tahitian question is allowed some respite by the Paris press, since it has been taken in hand by the respective Governments, it may be left to their decision.

A more important article among the items of the foreign intelligence of the week is the abdication of the old Pacha of Egypt, Mehemet Ali. He has retired in favour of his son, Ibrahim, whose Government he will probably direct till consolidated. The succession is, we believe, secured by the treaty between the Pacha, the Porte, and the foreign powers who were parties to the operations in Syria under Sir R. Stopford and Commodore Napier. The history of Mehemet Ali is one of the most curious that modern times has furnished. He raised himself from a low station to the Pachalic of Egypt; he then, finding himself embarrassed by the Mamelukes, got rid of them by an act which could not be exceeded for cruelty, treachery, and the determination with which it was conceived and executed. He assembled them at Cairo under a specious pretence, entrapped them into an enclosed space, and then opened a fire on them by which they all perished. In the same manner Sultan Mahmoud destroyed the Janissaries at Constantinople. Mehemet was a man of energy, but not of principle; he was a great improver, but he cared not at what amount of cost and suffering to the wretched inhabitants he emulated the enterprise of European sovereigns. The principles on which he encouraged the trade of Egypt, were those of a wholesale monopolist, as he so contrived that all the crops of the country passed through his own hands. For this, however, there might be much said in extenuation; but for the compulsory measures of the Pacha, it is more than probable the fellahs would produce no more than what is barely necessary for their livelihood, leaving the resources of the country to remain undeveloped. He has always displayed a disposition to cherish an alliance with England, and in this respect we may feel some degree of loss from his abdication, since our intercourse with Egypt has been so much increased by the establishment of the overland route to India; if the ruler of Egypt chose, it would be in his power to render the journey across the Isthmus of Suez difficult if not impossible. Mehemet rose when the fabric of the Turkish empire was tottering, and when the Sovereigns of Europe were too busy among themselves to take much note of the disputes of the Sublime Porte with her rebellious Pachas. The Kingdom of Greece and the Pachalic of Egypt have been thus severed from her dominions; and but for the support of Europe, the whole of Turkey would probably be divided into separate independencies, under governors who, as Mehemet Ali did for many years, would pay a nominal homage to the Sultan, but at the same time make themselves too strong to be deposed.

THE state of the country at the period at which Parliament separates is of considerable importance, as it enables men to judge what are likely to be the prospects of the autumn, and the yet more trying season of winter. At the present moment the accounts from the great seats of our manufactures are most satisfactory—activity, employment, and, as a consequence, wages and food, abounding on all sides. The only exception is in the coal works of the north, where the men are idle in consequence of a strike, to which the sooner a termination is put the better for all parties, both masters and men. The intelligence from America shows that there, too, there has been a great revival of commercial energy, and that the States are gradually recovering from the effects of that monetary derangement which told so fa-

tally both on them and on us. The whole Union, we read, "is one vast hive of industry." So complete is the change, that there is even a probability alleged of Pennsylvania resuming the responsibility of her debts. If the refusal of the payment of liabilities deliberately incurred, proceeded only from inability to do so at the time payment was demanded; there would not have been so much ill feeling created as there undoubtedly has been. It was the repudiation of the debt altogether that stirred the bile of the creditors, and the refusal not only to pay them then, but at any future time. Poverty drives many men to play fast and loose with principle, and it may be the same with states; but with the return of prosperity we hope for better things; for a rich delinquent in money matters there can be neither excuse nor pardon. But it is never too late to repent; Pennsylvania may yet liquidate, and Sydney Smith will not have written in vain. The returning prosperity of America must react on us, since she is so large a customer, and in both countries we must hope the revival will be permanent. Another source of congratulation is the promise of an abundant harvest both here and in Ireland, with respect to which the only anxiety is the state of the weather, the rain having lately been more in quantity and of longer continuance than is desirable. With plenty of employment and abundance of food, winter will be disarmed of most of its terrors, and we shall not have the sad spectacle of thousands in compelled idleness watched by a military force, which it was not long ago our misfortune to witness.

ONE of the most interesting public banquets ever given, took place on Wednesday evening at the London Tavern, where the Court of Directors entertained Sir R. Sale, the gallant defender of Jellalabad, on his return from India. Sir W. Nott, his fellow soldier, and "sharer of his toils, his feelings, and his fame," was to have been present, but was prevented by ill-health from attending. Full honour was done, however, to his gallantry, and his name was received as warmly as if he had been present. It has been said that men only appreciate merit when it is crowned by success; this may be the case when merit is of that kind that it is by success only it can indicate its existence. But the qualities that make the hero are often more strikingly developed in difficulties and disaster than in the hour of triumph. The Affghanistan campaign is a sad chapter in our military history, and the retreat by which it was closed was a fatal one. But the defence of Jellalabad, and the operations by which the prisoners were rescued and the character of the British arms redeemed can be contemplated with national pride; they gave a glorious termination to what had been a series of disasters, as the battle of Corunna atoned for the retreat of Sir J. Moore. The proceedings received additional interest from the presence of Lady Sale, who performed so distinguished a part in the campaign.

THE COURT AND HAUT TON.

HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL PRINCE.

We are highly gratified to state that her Majesty's condition is so satisfactory, that, as will be seen by the following bulletin, the Queen's medical advisers do not think it necessary to issue any more. This most welcome announcement was made on Wednesday morning in these terms:—

"Windsor Castle, August 14, 1844, Eight o'clock, A.M.

"The Queen is convalescent.

"The infant Prince continues well.

(Signed)

"JAMES CLARK, M.D.

"CHARLES LOCOCK, M.D.

"ROBERT FERGUSON, M.D.

"Her Majesty's recovery is so far advanced that no more bulletins will be issued."

The Queen, we rejoice to state, is now going on so extremely favourably, as to be enabled to sit up two or three hours during the day.

The inquiries at Windsor Castle, respecting her Majesty, during the week, have been very numerous.

Last Saturday the members of the Hebrew persuasion offered up songs and thanksgiving at the Synagogues on the accouchement of her Majesty the Queen, and the happy birth of a Royal Prince.

On Sunday a pastoral letter from the Right Rev. Thomas Griffiths, R.C. Vicar Apostolic of the London district, was publicly read at each of the masses in all the Roman Catholic chapels of London and its vicinity, on account of her Majesty's accouchement.

On Saturday last Prince Albert visited the Duchess of Kent at Frogmore.

WINDSOR, SUNDAY.—This morning his Royal Highness Prince Albert, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, the ladies and gentlemen of the royal suite and the household, attended divine service in the private chapel of the Castle. The Hon. and Rev. C. Leslie Courtenay officiated. The Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the Princess Alice were taken airings in the pleasure grounds of the Castle.

MONDAY.—Prince Albert drove out this afternoon in a pony phaeton and pair, and the royal children also were taken to the royal gardens for an airing. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent visited the Queen in the evening, and dined with his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

TUESDAY.—His Royal Highness Prince Albert, attended by Colonel Bourverie, Esquerry in waiting, went this morning to inspect the battalion of Scots Fusilier Guards. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alice, were taken an airing in the forenoon. Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal was also taken in the royal gardens.

WEDNESDAY.—Notwithstanding the extremely unfavourable state of the weather his Royal Highness Prince Albert left the Castle this morning, and proceeded to Virginia Water, to enjoy the sport of angling on the lake. Sir R. Peel arrived at the Castle this afternoon, and had an audience of his Royal Highness Prince Albert. His Royal Highness Prince Albert took a drive in a carriage in the afternoon. The Duchess of Kent dined with his Royal Highness. A very numerous meeting of the town council took place in the council chamber, at the Town-hall, this morning, for the purpose of voting congratulatory addresses to her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert on the birth of a prince. The addresses were carried by acclamation.

WINDSOR, THURSDAY EVENING.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Her Majesty still continues advancing towards her usual health and strength, most satisfactorily. The infant Prince also continues exceedingly well. This day, at noon, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, attended by Colonel Bourverie, Esquerry in waiting, and Mr. G. E. Anson, treasurer to the Prince, left the Castle in a carriage and four, with outriders, for the Slough station, and proceeded thence by the Great Western Railway to town. The Prince returned to the Castle this afternoon, between four and five o'clock. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal and Alice, have been taken their accustomed airings, attended by the Dowager Lady Lyttelton. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, who was attended by Lady Chatterton-Dundas, visited her Majesty, and remained at the Castle for upwards of two hours. Dr. Locock took leave of his royal patient this morning, and left the Castle for town. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent will dine with the Prince Consort this evening.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE ROYAL OF PRUSSIA.—His Royal Highness Prince William of Prussia arrived at Woolwich on Tuesday evening, from Ostend, by the Princess Alice steamer. The Prince Royal is a remarkably fine-looking personage, and appeared in excellent health, and pleased with the attention paid to him during the passage and on landing. His Royal Highness went on Wednesday to Windsor, to pay a visit to Prince Albert. Prince Albert received his illustrious visitor in the entrance-hall of the Queen's entrance. A *déjeuner* was served to their Royal Highnesses Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, and the Prince of Prussia. The latter then paid a visit to the Queen Dowager.

THE QUEEN DOWAGER'S BIRTHDAY.—Tuesday being the anniversary of the birthday of her Majesty the Queen Dowager, some of the public buildings at the west-end of the town were illuminated, and a similar mark of respect was paid by several of her Majesty's tradespeople. The Queen Dowager received complimentary visits, at Bushy-park, from the members of the Royal Family and several members of the nobility.

THE KING OF SAXONY.—His Majesty had an excellent passage from Granton Pier, near Edinburgh, to Hamburg. Upon landing the King was received by a deputation from the senate and corporation, who escorted his Majesty to the principal hotel, where apartments had been prepared for him.

PRINCE ALBERT'S BIRTH DAY.—The birthday of Prince Albert, which takes place on Monday week, the 26th inst., will be celebrated with great splendour and magnificence at Windsor Castle.

Lord Augustus Fitzclarence has arrived on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Errol, at Salsburgh Castle, Aberdeenshire.

The Dowager Lady Holland has gone on a visit to the Earl and Countess Cowper, at Panashanger, Herts, where the Hon. Spencer Cowper, Mr. and Mrs. Milbank, and a select circle are assembled.

Count Nesselrode has been to Brighton for the benefit of the waters and salt-water baths. The count's son and daughter are at Brighton also.

We regret to hear that Lord Keane is dangerously ill at his seat, near Christchurch, Hampshire.

VISIT OF THE KING OF THE FRENCH TO HER MAJESTY.—It is now stated that Louis Philippe will arrive in England on a visit to her Majesty about the middle of next month. His Majesty will embark, it is expected, at Dieppe, in a French man-of-war, and, accompanied by another 74 gun ship and a small fleet of steamers, will land at Portsmouth. The same apartments (and also some additional state rooms) at the Castle, which were occupied by the King of Prussia at the christening of the Prince of Wales, and the Emperor of Russia, during the Ascot race week, will be prepared for the reception of the King of the French and his suite. Splendid banquets will take place in St. George's Hall and the Waterloo Chamber, to be followed by state balls and grand evening parties. Preparations have already been commenced at the Roman Catholic chapel, at Clewer, about a mile from Windsor, for the accommodation of his Majesty and suite. There is very little doubt that the christening of the infant Prince will take place during his Majesty's visit to Windsor. Among other celebrations in honour of the King's visit, there will be a grand review in Hyde-park.

MAJORITY OF VISCOUNT LEWISHAM.—On Monday last the coming of age of the Viscount Lewisham, eldest son of the Earl of Dartmouth, was celebrated by a splendid dinner, and other demonstrations of joy, in the "Four Acres," at West Bromwich, Staffordshire, a piece of land generously given by the noble earl as a place for recreation to the inhabitants of the town.

Lord Saltoun has arrived on a visit to his mother, at Ness Castle, Inverness-shire. The safe return of the noble lord to his native country, from his command in China, was celebrated by bonfires and all the other demonstrations by which the Highlanders are accustomed to express their joy.

The Earl and Countess of Minto and the Ladies Elizabeth and Charlotte Elliot have arrived at Minto-house, Roxburghshire, for the winter. Lord and Lady John Russell are expected to visit the noble earl and countess in the course of next month.

Lady Augusta Somerset, daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, who for some time held the appointment of Lady of the Bedchamber to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, has recently resigned that situation.

DEATH OF LADY HARRIET FRAMPTON.—We have to record the demise of the above highly respected lady, at Moreton House, Dorset. The deceased was third daughter of the late, and sister of the present Earl of Ilchester, and was born June 17, 1778. In September, 1799, she married Mr. James Frampton, of Moreton.

DEATH OF LORD POWERSCOURT.—It is with pain that we announce the death of Lord Powerscourt, which took place last Sunday at Rochester. Viscount Powerscourt left Canterbury at a late hour on Saturday, accompanied by Lady Powerscourt, the Countess of Roden, and Lady Maria Jocelyn. They proceeded as far as Rochester, where they dined. After dinner his lordship complained of indisposition, medical assistance was immediately procured, but the unfavourable symptoms increased, and at seven o'clock an express was sent off to London to acquaint Lord Roden (his father-in-law) with the painful intelligence. The noble earl immediately left town, and reached Rochester at an early hour on Sunday morning. Viscount Powerscourt, although sinking rapidly at that time, was perfectly sensible, and remained so until the period of his death, which took place between ten and eleven o'clock the same morning. His lordship was in his 30th year, having been born in January, 1815. It will be recollected that he sat in Parliament for the city of Bath in 1839, having defeated Mr. Roebuck.

The Marquis of Chandos, only son of the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, will attain his majority on the 10th of next month, when the event will be celebrated by splendid festivities at Stowe.

A vacancy has been created in the foundation of the Military Knights of Windsor by the decease of Major J. J. Anderson, K.G.H., late of the 10th Foot, who died last week, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. The deceased, who had been engaged in active service, both in the East and West Indies, has been buried at St. George's Chapel with military honours.

DEATH OF LORD HUNTINGFIELD.—Lord Huntingfield died on Saturday last at Heveningham-hall, Suffolk. The deceased, Joshua Vanneck Baron Huntingfield, of Heveningham-hall, in the peerage of Ireland, and a baronet of England, was eldest son of Joshua, first Lord Huntingfield, by Maria, second daughter of Mr. Andrew Thompson. He was born on the 12th of August, 1778, so at his death was within two days of completing his 66th year.

CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

The Rev. Henry Ives Bailey, incumbent of Drighlington, near Leeds, has been instituted by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln to the vicarage of North L. verton, near Retford, Nottinghamshire, on the presentation of the Lord Bishop of Ripon.

OXFORD, August 10.—At the annual visitation and election at Abingdon School, founded by Mr. John Rouse, the following gentlemen of that school were elected Scholars of Pembroke College:—Edward Duncan Hall, son of the late Master of the College; Frederick Goodenough, son of Dr. Goodenough, of Bristol, and founder's kin; Henry Swabey, son of M. Swabey, Esq., Barrister-at-law.

The following members of this university have been ordained by the Lord Bishop of Worcester:—Deacons: Thomas Bearcroft of Queen's College; Chas. Allen, of Brasenose College. Priests: The Rev. William Lea, of Brasenose College; Rev. John Merry, of Queen's College; Rev. C. C. Adams, of Merton College; Rev. G. S. Munn, of Trinity College; Rev. C. B. Turner, of Balliol College; Rev. W. G. Bradley, of Brasenose College; Rev. Jos. Bickerdike, of St. Edmund Hall; Rev. A. T. Wilmshurst, of Magdalen Hall.

Dr. Pusey preached his first sermon, since his suspension by the Vice-Chancellor, in the parish church of Ilfracombe, on Sunday last, in aid of the funds of the national schools of that parish, from Matthew, xviii. 5—"Whoever shall receive one such little child, in my name, receiveth me."

CONSECRATION OF ST. MARK'S CHURCH, HULL.—On Wednesday, the new church in the Groves, Hull, dedicated to the service of God by the name of Saint Mark, was consecrated by the Lord Bishop of Ripon, in behalf of the Archbishop of York.

Sir R. Peel, Bart., has presented the Rev. R. K. Bailey, of New Inn Hall, to the incumbency of the new parish of St. Paul's, Hull.

The beautiful new church at Andover, built at the sole expense of the Rev. Dr. Goddard, was opened on Sunday last for divine service. The remainder of the old church will now be taken down and the tower erected, which, when completed, will give the new building a noble appearance.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—It appears from the report of the select committee of the Lords on the progress of the new Houses of Parliament, that "instead of the new House of Lords being covered in by Christmas last, as was stated to be practicable by Mr. Barry, in his evidence last year, it is now only in course of erection." Mr. Barry, however, states that if great exertions were made, the House of Lords, the lobbies at each end of it, the corridors connecting the same with the front building, and the libraries, the committee and other rooms belonging to the House of Lords, may be covered in before winter; and the committee, having examined the building, with the clerk of the works and one of the contractors, are of opinion that the whole of these apartments may be prepared for the use of the Lords by April next. The committee do not recommend that any temporary fittings should be prepared, but that all the works connected with the buildings above mentioned should be advanced with the greatest possible speed. It is stated that the House of Commons will not be ready for two or three years.

CABINET COUNCIL.—It is to be presumed that some important and urgent State matters engage the attention of the Cabinet, for, although several of the Ministers had left town, they returned on Tuesday to attend a Cabinet Council which was held on that day. All the Ministers were present except Sir James Graham.

THE PROPOSED EMBANKMENT OF THE THAMES.—Previous to the adjournment a bill was laid on the table of the House of Commons, to authorise an embankment and terrace on the River Thames and convenient landing places. Nothing of course will be done in the matter till next session. The most interesting clause in the bill is the third, which empowers the Commissioners of Woods and Works to construct a raised terrace and public roadway or communication from or near Whitehall-place, on or along the bed or shore of the River Thames, on the Middlesex side, from Westminster-bridge to the said intended roadway, at or near the northern pier of the intended Hungerford Suspension-bridge, and also from time to time to alter, widen, divert, and remove all causeways, piles, stairs, barks, or landing-places, on the shore of the river, or projecting from the bank thereof, on the side aforesaid between Westminster-bridge and Chatham-place; and to drive other piles, and construct other causeways, piers, stairs, &c., in such situations and in such manner as they (the Commissioners) shall deem best suited to the convenience of the public.

STATUE OF WILLIAM IV.—Workmen are actively engaged in excavating the ground at the top of King William-street, City, prior to the building of the foundation for the statue of his late Majesty King William IV. that is to adorn this part of the new London-bridge approaches. The pedestal is composed of Dutch granite, and the statue is to face the bridge. The statue and pedestal, which will be forty feet high, will be seen from the Surrey side of the water, and will occupy the spot where formerly stood the Old Bear's Head Tavern, immortalized by Shakespeare. The figure of his late Majesty is chiselled out of two immense blocks of granite, the largest weighing thirty, and smallest fifteen tons.

THE PURCELL CELEBRATION.—The annual commemoration of Henry Purcell will take place in Westminster Abbey, on Thursday, the 29th instant.

THE NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE.—During the last few days considerable progress has been made in the completion of the New Royal Exchange. Under the entablature of the western facade, the following inscription has been chiselled out of the stone work:—"Anno Elizabethæ R. XIII. erectum; Anno Victorie R. VIII. restauratum." Above this, on the front of a pedestal, is the ancient scriptural quotation:—"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." The framework is now being placed in the tower, for the bells, of which there are fifteen. The encrusting painting over the merchants' colonnade is nearly completed, and a great portion of the area is laid down with large flag stones, while the entire structure externally is being cleaned and renovated. In a few weeks this magnificent edifice will be divested of the scaffolding, which at present gives it so unightly an appearance.

IMPROVEMENTS IN WHITECHAPEL.—For the last few days workmen have been engaged in pulling down the mansion in Essex-street, Whitechapel, which was in the occupation of the Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, shortly before his death. It was the east side of Essex-street, and was at the

rear of the houses forming that street. It was three stories high. The attic windows were latticed, and the rooms on the first and second floor were about four feet square. At a short distance from this spot, between Ellison-street, Petticoat-lane, and Houndsditch, is another large mansion which will be demolished for the purpose of having new buildings erected on its site. This was the Palace where Queen Elizabeth occasionally resided. The building, the walls of which are strongly constructed, is four stories high, and some of the windows are latticed. The ceilings of the ground and first floors are ornamented with different devices, coats of arms, figures, &c., among which may be distinguished roses, fleurs-de-lis, and the word "Britannia." There are also several Latin inscriptions, scarcely legible. There is a quantity of oak paneling in various parts.

SIR ROBERT PEEL AND THE CLOTH-WORKERS COMPANY.—On Wednesday a deputation from the Cloth-workers' Company waited on Sir Robert Peel at his residence in Privy-garden, for the purpose of presenting the Right Hon. Baronet with the freedom of that company. Sir Robert Peel received the deputation with much courtesy, and acknowledged the compliment in a few appropriate remarks. It will be recollected that a few days since Sir Robert Peel, with several of his Ministerial colleagues, dined with the Society of Cloth-workers, at their hall, in Mincing-lane.

THE OUTRAGE AT TAHITI.—A meeting of the London Missionary Society was held on Wednesday at Exeter Hall, for the purpose of expressing an opinion upon the recent conduct of the French at Tahiti. Mr. Frederick Smith, the chairman of the society, presided on the occasion. Mr. Pritchard, our Consul, who has lately returned to England, sat on his right hand. The body of the hall was about two-thirds filled. The report, which was read, entered into the history of British connection with Tahiti, from the earliest visits of missionaries down to the present time, and strongly deprecated the conduct of the French in their recent aggressions. Dr. Winter Hamilton, of Leeds, proposed the first resolution, and in doing so, made a very bellicose and exciting speech. He said, "He was not an advocate for war, he hated it; but tyranny and oppression, falsehood and injustice, he hated much more." Dr. Winter Hamilton proceeded to make the following comparison:—"France had at this very day no less than five vessels at Oahu, while this country, the Queen of the seas, had a ketch, only a ketch there! (Great cheering.) There were many present who, doubtless, did not know what that was. He was not much of a nautical man, but he thought he could tell them. (Laughter.) It was a small vessel having one mainmast and a mizen—a fine vessel truly for a country like England, whose flag had braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze—(cheers)—to have at Oahu!" The resolution proposed by Dr. Hamilton was to the effect, that reviewing the history of the missions of this society in Tahiti, and numerous other islands in the South Pacific Ocean, during the past eight-and-forty years, and remembering the former idolatry and degradation of the natives before the blessings of Christianity were communicated to them, and the delightful change which, through the instrumentality of this society, and the favour of Heaven, had crowned their efforts, they regarded the recent events as threatening not only the prosperity but the very existence of these missions. The resolution having been seconded, was unanimously adopted. Many other gentlemen addressed the meeting, and other resolutions of the same character were agreed to, after speeches abounding in angry commentary upon the conduct of France. Before the meeting separated there was a general call for Mr. Pritchard, but Mr. Freeman, the secretary of the society, stated that Mr. Pritchard felt the honour of being called upon, and would have willingly addressed the meeting in obedience to their wish, but as a servant of the Crown, in the hands of the Earl of Aberdeen, he was anxious not to give offence, and perhaps occasion excitement, which might be referred to in other quarters, and become the means of embarrassing the governments of both countries.

MORTALITY IN THE METROPOLIS.—The number of deaths in the metropolis during the week ending Saturday, amounted to 934; the weekly average of the last five summers having been 900, and of the last five years 940. The number of males that died during the last week was 473, and of females 461. Under 15 years of age, 335 died; from 15 and under 60 years, 310; and from 60 upwards, 151.

STATISTICS OF CATS' MEAT AND HORSES' TONGUES.—Mr. Wakley, M.P., on Tuesday, held an inquest at the Elephant and Castle, St. Pancras, on John King, aged fourteen. It appeared in evidence that the deceased was a deputy vendor of cats' meat, and got from his employer 2s. 6d. a week and his breakfast and dinner each day. On Monday last he knocked at the door of a customer in Henry-street, Hampstead-road, and the instant the door was opened he fell into the passage and died. He was subject to fits. The Coroner: His must have been a very laborious occupation, for he must have travelled a long distance with a large quantity of meat, which I understand is sold at a penny a pound, before any profit could be realised.—A Juror: Oh dear no; cats' meat is sold at fourpence and three pence a pound, and he would not have to wheel more at any time in his barrow than half a hundred weight. A good cat's meat walk is a fine fortune, and the proprietor would not sell his vested interest for a trifle.—The Coroner: I believe it is boiled horse-flesh they sell. Did any of you ever see them sell for cats' meat boiled horses' tongues?—The Jury: Never.—The Coroner: To be sure you never did. They are salted and dried and sold for ox tongues.—A Juror: Yes, many of the so called pickled and cured neat's tongues come from the knacker's yard.—The Coroner: It requires, I am told, a nice palate to distinguish the flavour of an ox's tongue from that of a horse's. I do not see why it should not be so.—A Gentleman: The prejudice against equine flesh is not universal. The celebrated sausages of Arles, in the south of France, are principally composed of asses' flesh and condiments. They are considered a great delicacy easy of digestion, and extremely appetizing. The jury returned a verdict of "Natural death."

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

The heads of the different departments of the Horse Guards, Admiralty, and Ordnance, have recently had repeated communications with the Premier, and there is reason to believe that there will be an extended promotion in the army and navy this autumn.

VISIT OF THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY TO THE RUSSIAN FRIGATE AT GRAVESEND.—On Monday the Earl of Haddington, Admiral Sir George Cockburn, Bart., and Vice-Admiral Sir W. Hall Gage embarked on board the Black Eagle steam-yacht, Master-Commander B. Cook, at Woolwich, and proceeded down the river on a visit to the Russian Admiral, in the Aurora frigate, lying off Gravesend. As soon as the Black Eagle was in sight of the Russian, the sailors of the frigate, who looked remarkably clean and smart, manned the yards, and when their lordships arrived alongside (exactly at two o'clock) they were received by the admiral and his officers with every demonstration of respect and gratification, a band at the time playing a welcoming air. Their lordships remained on board the Aurora about two hours, and after minutely inspecting the foreigier in every department, partook of an elegant *déjeuner*.

THE COLLINGWOOD, 80.—We regret to hear that Captain Henry Eden, who has fitted this ship out, and manned her in such a manner as to excite the admiration of every one, has been obliged, in consequence of continued ill-health, to resign the command. Captain Robert Smart, K.H. (1837), has been appointed the flag-captain of Sir George Seymour, on board the Collingwood, in the room of Captain Eden.

The Thunder, 6. Commander Edward Barnett, which has been engaged in surveying on the North American and West India station, has arrived at Portsmouth from Nassau. Having been in commission since July, 1841, she will be paid off.

PORTSMOUTH.—Orders have been given for the immediate equipment of the royal steam-yacht Victoria and Albert. She has accordingly been masted, &c., and received on board her fuel. Her captain, Lord Adolphus Fitz Clarence, had arrived from Cowes, for the purpose of hastening her outfit; and the yacht will in a few days make a trial cruise. Rumour states the 5th September as the contemplated period of her Majesty's embarkation for autumn cruising.

Sir George Seymour has gone to the Admiralty, to receive his final instructions before proceeding to the Pacific to relieve Rear-Admiral Thomas. Our Commander-in-Chief, Sir C. Rowley, has struck his flag on board the Excellent gunnery-ship, pro tempore, and proceeded on leave to his seat at Windsor, to recruit his health, which still continues much impaired. The Queen, 110, Captain Martin, fitting out in this harbour, is ordered to be expedited and proceed to Spithead, and when there will receive the flag of Admiral Sir C. Rowley, during the absence of the Saint Vincent 120.

DEATH OF REAR-ADMIRAL GALWAY.—This gallant flag-officer died on Friday last, at an advanced age. He entered the navy on the 19th of February, 1786, and had seen considerable service in his profession.

PROMOTION.—Mate Henry B. Everest (1836), of the Devastation steam-sloop, to the rank of Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENT.—Lieutenant: Horace Bullock (1843), late of the Madagascar, additional to the Penelope, for service on the coast of Africa.

At a general meeting extraordinary of the United Service Club, held on Friday week, Sir George Seymour in the chair, Sir Robert Sale was unanimously elected an honorary member of the club. This is the only instance of a British officer being elected out of the regular course, and the exception to the rule is well worthy of the distinguished club.

The 97th Regiment, on arriving from Manchester, replace the 81st and 93d depots at Templemore, the former to proceed to Limerick, to replace the 15th Regiment, who go to Cork, and the latter to Clare Castle, to replace the 82nd depot, which moves to Dundalk.

The first division (two companies) of the 67th Regiment will embark at Liverpool for Dublin on the 26th instant.

The 31st Regiment return from Canada next year, and expect to be made Light Infantry on their arrival—their facings to be changed to Lincoln green, the regiment having been raised in Lincolnshire, in 1795, as the Royal Lincoln Volunteers, which title they retain and wear on their appointments.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.—At Gibraltar, the Formidable, 84, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir E. W. C. R. Owen, the commander in chief; Caledonia, 120; Albion, 90; Warspite, 50; Hecla and Venerable, war steamers; and Sydneyham, steam-packet. At Barcelona, the Scout, 18. At Marseilles, the Polyphemus, steam-packet. At Malta, the Ceylon, receiving-ship, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir L. Curtis, second in command, and superintendent of Malta dockyard; Locust, war steamer; Achéron and Allecto, steam-packets. At Corfu, the Medea, war steamer. At the Piræus of Athens, the Belvidere, 38; L'Aigle, 24; and Virago, war steamer. At Patras, the Orestes, 18. At Andros, the Beacon, surveying vessel; and on her way thither, from Malta, the Bonetta, surveying brigantine. Cruising in the Archipelago, the Savage, 10. At Beyrout, the Tyne, 28, and Snake, 16. At Alexandria, the Geyser, war steamer; and at Constantinople, the Devastation, war steamer.

The 1st division of the 6th Regiment will embark on the 19th inst. at Liverpool, for conveyance to Dublin.

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

ANOTHER DEATH FROM TIGHT LACING.—On Monday evening an inquest was held before Mr. Higgs at the Coach and Horse, Avery-row, Bond-street, as to the death of Miss Elizabeth Allen, aged twenty, a pupil of Madame Devy, of No. 75, Lower Grosvenor-street, milliner. Mr. Robert Druett, of No. 6, Bruton-street, surgeon, stated that he was called in to see the deceased on Friday afternoon, about five o'clock, and found her quite dead on the bed. He understood she had gone up to her room at two o'clock, after eating a hearty dinner, she had been found by the side of her box, and he heard she was subject to fits. He had no doubt the stooping posture and tight laced stays had brought on congestion of the vessels of the head, which no doubt was the cause of death. He had measured her corset, which was one foot eleven inches round, and on her body it would not meet in the smallest part by two inches. The jury returned a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God."

MANSLAUGHTER.—On Monday Mr. Baker held an inquest at the London Hospital, on the body of Thomas Spruce, aged sixteen, a bricklayer's labourer. The evidence went to show that a person named H. Burton, aged twenty, the keeper of a toll bar, in Thomas-street, Whitechapel, has been for a considerable time past subject to the gibes and practical jokes of the boys in the neighbourhood on account of a curious squint in his eyes. On Friday week he was in the toll bar reading, when deceased and another lad, drawing a truck, passed by, and began calling Burton very annoying names. They also threw pieces of rotten apples at him, and jerked their truck, which had lime in it, in such a way, that particles of that material flew into Burton's eyes. He then ran after them, and with his fist struck deceased under the right ear; and the latter fell. He got up, however, pulled off his jacket and placed himself in a boxing attitude, and whilst in the act of striking at Burton, he fell insensible on the pavement. Immediately afterwards he was conveyed to that hospital, in which he died in about four hours. The jury, after a long consultation, returned a verdict of "Manslaughter against Henry Burton." He has been committed for trial by the magistrates of Lambeth-street.

SUICIDE WITH A CHISEL.—On Monday afternoon an inquest was held before Mr. Wakley, at the Duke of Wellington, Sussex-street, Tottenham-court-road, on the body of William Mansfield, aged thirty-seven. The deceased was foreman to Mr. Ernest, builder, of Newman-street. He buried his wife about three months ago, being then left with three young children, and he had since been very desponding. On Monday, about noon, he was missed from the shop, and in the course of two or three hours, on one of the workmen going into some back premises, wherein is a saw-pit, he discovered deceased lying near the pit, on the ground, weltering in his blood, which had flowed from a frightful wound in his throat, dividing all the principal arteries. He was quite dead, and by his side was a two-and-a-half-inch blade chisel, clothed with blood, with which he had committed the act. Verdict, "Temporary Insanity."

DEATH FROM DRINKING BRANDY.—On Tuesday, Mr. Baker held an inquest at the Lord Esmouth, Catherine-street, Lim-house, on the body of Sarah Perry, aged sixty-seven. From the evidence of Mrs. Mary Ann Coleford, 28, Edward-street, Stepney, it appeared that on Sunday last deceased came to take tea with her, and, complaining of being poorly, witness gave her some brandy from a quart bottle full of that liquor. Afterwards, she left deceased alone for some time, and, on her return, she found her on the stairs apparently in a fit. She had her removed to a bedroom, and, thinking a little brandy would revive her, she went to the bottle, and, to her infinite surprise, found it empty. There was no one besides deceased in the house that could have emptied it. A surgeon administered an emetic without effect. Other remedies were applied in vain, and deceased died next day, of paralysis, caused by an overdose of brandy. The jury returned a verdict to that effect.

SUICIDE OF A FEMALE SEPTUAGENARIAN.—Mr. Baker held an inquest on Tuesday, at the Royal Standard, Bethnal-green, on the body of Mrs. Sarah Willis, aged seventy, a widow lady in affluent circumstances. It appeared from the statement of a child ten years old, the granddaughter of the deceased, that they lived in Arundel-street, and that her aged parent for some time past had been in a very distressed state of mind, and used frequently to say that "it would be a charity to knock her on the head, otherwise she would destroy herself." About half-past six on Friday morning week the witness saw her get up and leave the room, and afterwards return with a sharp-pointed knife, and seat herself on the bedside. She then suddenly stabbed herself several times in the front of the throat, and the witness screaming, a nephew of deceased came and wrested the knife from her. A surgeon was sent for, who sewed up the wounds, but deceased sank, and died on Monday last. Verdict, "Temporary Insanity."

FIRE AT WHITECHAPEL.—Early on Wednesday morning an alarming fire broke out upon the premises of Mr. W. H. Barton, boot and shoemaker, 3, Church-lane, Whitechapel. Water was speedily obtained, and copiously poured upon the blazing premises, but, notwithstanding the exertions of the firemen, the flames were not extinguished before the shop was burned out, the first floor and warehouse seriously damaged, and other injury done. The loss is covered by insurance.

POSTSCRIPT.

ROYAL SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

SOUTHAMPTON, Thursday Afternoon.

The annual regatta of the Royal Southern Yacht Club commenced this morning. There were four sailing matches. The first was for a piece of plate, value £35, by yachts not exceeding 45 tons; the second for a piece of plate, value £30, by yachts not exceeding 35 tons; the third for a piece of plate, value £15, by yachts not exceeding 25 tons; and the fourth for a piece of plate, value £12, by yachts not exceeding 12 tons. There were seven vessels entered for the first match, but three only started, viz., the Champion, Elizabeth, and Phantom. The Champion won this match, heading the Phantom, which came in second, by four minutes. The Elizabeth was only thirty seconds behind the Phantom.

The second match was one of the most interesting that has ever taken place on these waters; two of the competing vessels being the Mystery (which won the cup yesterday at Cowes) and her rival the Blue Belle, which has supplied herself with a new bowsprit, in place of the one she carried away during the gale yesterday. There were six vessels entered, but the following only started:—Blue Belle, Mystery, and Sibyl. At six o'clock the Blue Belle and Mystery were beating up the Southampton water, about five miles and a half distant, both of them close together, so much so that it was impossible to tell which had the advantage.

The vessels that started for the third match were the Mazeppa, Tergamant, Victorine, and Jilt. The Mazeppa came in first, and the Tergamant the second, in the first course.

The vessels that contested the fourth match were the Sea Nymph, Pet, and Don Juan. The course for these vessels was only to a buoy little more than half way down the Southampton waters—twice round. The Sea Nymph rounded the station-buoys first, each time, beating upon the last course the Don Juan by two minutes fifty-five seconds, which vessel, consequently, is the winner, as she was allowed six minutes for difference of tonnage.

BIRTH OF A FRENCH PRINCESS.—The Princess de Joinville was safely delivered of a Princess at Neuilly on Tuesday night. Her Royal Highness and the infant at the last account were both going on favourably. It may be noted as a curious coincidence, that the day was the anniversary of the birthday of the Prince de Joinville, who then entered on his 37th year.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF IRELAND.—The national cattle show and exhibition of agricultural implements and articles of Irish manufacture, instituted by the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, was opened to the public on Wednesday, in the Coburg gardens, Dublin. The number of black cattle exhibited amounted to very nearly 300, and their appearance, speaking generally, was considered by competent judges to be of a first-rate description. In spite of bad weather, the attendance was very numerous.

In the Insolvent Debtors Court yesterday, the case of Thomas Henry Horatio Cauty was disposed of. The insolvent's name has been often before the public for his bill dealing transactions with Lord Huntingtower and Colonel Copeland. The court decided that the insolvent was entitled to his discharge.

THE ANCIENT HOUSES IN WEST-STREET, SMITHFIELD.—On Thursday morning, as the labourers were digging out the foundation of the house No. 3, West-street, formerly the Old Red Lion Tavern, they discovered, about a foot below the surface of the soil, two perfect skeletons, in a high state of preservation. They are both males of tall stature, one measuring from head to foot above six feet, and the other only a few inches shorter. The situation in which they lay, and the particular part of the premises where they were discovered, confirm the opinion that they must have become the victims of the lawless wretches who inhabited this den of infamy, and, after being waylaid, robbed, and murdered, thrown through a trap-door, which stood immediately over the spot.

COLLIERY EXPLOSION.—An explosion occurred on Wednesday at the Crabtree colliery, West Bromwich, belonging to Messrs. J. Bagnall and Sons, by which four men were instantly killed, and five others were so severely burned that they are not expected to recover. It is supposed that the "air-lad" had become choked up during the night, and thus caused an accumulation of explosive gas in the colliery beneath.

MURDER AT MANCHESTER.—A woman named Jane Millins, fifty-two years of age, was barbarously murdered between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock on Wednesday morning, in Bradshaw-street, Hulme, Manchester. It appears that she was married, and that her husband is living. In the house with them lodged a machine maker, named George Evans, who for the last few days appeared to be idling and loitering about. On Wednesday morning Millins went to his work and left Evans in bed. When he came back to his dinner at twelve o'clock he found the front door fast, and, upon forcing it open, discovered the dead body of his wife lying upon the floor. She had evidently been dragged from the front room into the kitchen; her head had literally been smashed to pieces with an iron instrument, since found on the premises, and made something in the form of a life-preserver, with a large iron knob at the end. The supposed murderer, Evans, who is a native of Bristol, has made his escape, taking with him all the money in the house and a box of wearing apparel belonging to another lodger. His father is a cooper at Bristol, and his connections are decent working people. A subsequent account states that Evans was apprehended at Liverpool on Thursday, from whence it is supposed he meant to proceed by boat to Wales. Whilst sitting in the police-office, in the middle of the night, the prisoner killed a mouse. He then remarked to those near him, with the utmost levity, that that was another murder he had committed. The whole of the stolen property, with the exception of a watch, was found in the possession of the prisoner. It does not amount in value to more than a few pounds.

A son of the celebrated Mozart has just died at Vienna of cancer in the stomach.

THE BURNS FESTIVAL ON THE BANKS OF THE DOON.
BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

The last number of our journal contained an introductory description of the preparations made for "THE FESTIVAL," and a brief account of the several leading matters connected with it. The report was necessarily meagre; inasmuch as it was impossible to render anything like justice to the subject, either by the pencil or the pen, in time for publication in the ILLUSTRATED NEWS of the same week. We propose now to furnish our readers with more minute details of the arrangements made, the progress of the business of the day, and a review of the whole of the proceedings—the task of supplying the explanatory letter-press having been confided to Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, while the pictorial illustrations were undertaken by an accomplished artist of Scotland.

We may commence our report by an expression of regret that but few of the distinguished authors of England were present on the occasion. A number of invitations were issued by a committee charged with the task of arranging the festival; but of the "men of mark," so distinguished, there was not one who crossed the border; and to Scotland was left almost exclusively the honourable duty of rendering homage to the memory of a poet to whom all who speak the language in which he wrote have contracted a debt of large and everlasting gratitude. It is only just to add, that much of the apparent apathy arose from the injudicious plans of the committee; among those who were selected for especial honour were individuals who could not have been expected to undertake a long journey—even for so high a purpose; while two or three of the invited guests were away from England, and will not have heard of the compliment conferred upon them until long after the ceremony had taken place. Neither did there appear to exist a very sanguine expectation that the call would have been responded to, for no preparations had been made to receive distinguished Englishmen—the two galleries set apart, as seats of honour, having been fully occupied by those who were to act their parts in conducting the business of the day. This neglect, indeed, received conclusive evidence from the fact, that in the body of the pavilion were seated several of the most respected men of letters of whom Scotland can boast—men who have not only conferred honour upon their country by great achievements of mind, but whose industrious energies have made useful knowledge acceptable to the humblest classes of all countries.



BURNS' THREE SONS.

We are anxious to offer these preliminary remarks, because we are loth to have it supposed that a cause so strongly exciting, so universal in interest, and so honourable to Scotland, could have failed to produce kindred feelings in England—where the great poet of Scotland, and of mankind, is as much esteemed, beloved, honoured, and valued, as he is in the land that gave him birth.

We turn to a more agreeable theme. The pretty and picturesque little town of Ayr is, as our readers know, within two or three miles of the

birth-place of Robert Burns. The neighbouring scenery is immortalised in his verse, and the town itself contains many objects inseparably associated with his name. There is one which, as it seems to have been overlooked by his biographers generally, we thought the artist might select—the small parlour of a little inn at the "town-head"—where the poet spent many an evening during his visits to Ayr. The house bears evident tokens of antiquity; and the little chamber we have pictured contains a rudely carved chimney-piece, a recess in the wall (as usual in Scottish houses of the humble sort), being occupied by a bed.

The house is still a rustic inn, or, as the landlady pleases to have it named, "a tavern;" and the landlord exhibits, with considerable pride, an ancient "quich" (a drinking-cup of wood), out of which the poet is believed—and perhaps with reason—to have quaffed, many a time and oft, with the friends of his youth.

It was adjacent to this "tavern" that one of the triumphal arches stood on the memorable 6th of August. As our readers will readily imagine, the house was thronged with eager visitors throughout the day.

The day commenced gloomily; and, although it partially cleared up towards its mid-hour, and continued comparatively fine during the more important period of the ceremony, the rain, falling at intervals, considerably diminished the effect of the festival. By ten o'clock, when the whole of the visitors may be supposed to have arrived—the last having been brought by the train from Glasgow (decidedly the worst managed railway in Great Britain)—the number congregated in the streets, and along the roads leading to the pavilion, must have exceeded 50,000.

The several processions—enumerated in our publication of last week—assembled on a large green, west of the town, bordered by the sea, and having in view the Brown Hill of Carrick, the ruined tower

of "Greenan," and, in the extreme distance, the fair isle of Arran, while, midway, was the solitary sea-rock, Ailsa Crag, rising like an ill-shaped giant from out old Ocean. The various clubs, societies, and trades having formed in their appointed places, commenced their march through the town, passing over the "Twa Brigs"—the "auld" and the "new"—commemorated in, perhaps, the most striking and original of all the poet's compositions; the crowd gathered as it went, "fringing," as it were, the formal line of dressed and decorated shep-



LINTON SC.

PRINCIPAL VIEW OF THE MONUMENT.

herds and artisans, who, with banners flying, and music playing, seemed as if that day were in reality the happiest as well as the proudest of their lives.

First came a regimental band, then a party of Freemasons, next a body of "Ancient Foresters," preceded by a remarkably fine young fellow dressed as an archer in a suit of Lincoln green. The various trades of shoemakers, tailors, gardeners, &c. &c., followed, and a huge bunch of thistles brought up the rear. The birth-place of Burns is distant about two miles and a half from the town. The procession marched on without stop or stay, until this interesting place was reached. Here it paused a few minutes, and then advanced slowly, lowering their banners, while each man doffed his cap, and bowed reverently, in the direction of the humble, but far-famed cottage. Here all eyes were directed to the group of shepherds, represented in the appended cut.

The cottage in which Robert Burns was born, on the 25th January, 1759, is now, as we have already stated, a public-house. On Tuesday, the 6th, it was the centre of attraction, and very numerous were the names added to the book kept there, to say nothing of the prodigious accessions in the shape of carved initials to the tables, chairs, and window-panes throughout the house.* The interior is, we understand, but little altered. It contains however, no single item of the original furniture. Much of it, nevertheless, remained long after Burns's removal; and was subsequently sold by public roup, when the veritable bed on which the poet was born (and which occupied a recess now used for a

similar purpose) was purchased for a few shillings, by a stable-boy, who afterwards obtained for his lucky bargain a sum of twenty guineas.

How little did the exhausted mother, when she thanked God that "a man was born into the world," imagine what a strong, yet tender heart, beat within the shelter of that little bosom—or what fearful throes and lofty imaginings were cradled in the head that rested on her bosom: the future was sealed from her, as it so wisely is from us all; nor is there a tradition that the infant's destiny, so chequered, even in its immortality, was revealed by the "second sight," on which Scottish superstition still relies.

A double chest of drawers divides the bed from a little window, consisting of four panes, through which the capricious sunbeams blinked, and the field without looked gay: the window is the same through which the infant first looked out upon the nature he so loved. There is the usual comfortable fireplace, which has so antique an appearance, that it is probably coeval with the poet; and on the same side a new room has been added, of a much more ambitious character than the other portions of the dwelling. The second room, however, of the original cottage, still remains, and in its centre stands a table backed and blotted (as we have intimated) into rude mosaic, by the desire people have to connect their names with immortality. There is believed to be nothing here that the poet either touched or looked upon; still the walls could tell much of joys and sorrows; the

Mirth akin to madness



PROCESSION OF ARCHERS.



PROCESSION UNCOVERING BEFORE THE SONS OF BURNS.

that shook them to their foundation; the wild, enthusiastic fever—the inspiration, and deep depression—of the poet's existence.

The landlady, in her snow white cap, was outrageously busy in setting her house in order, telling how "lairds and bra led-dys" thought much of touching "the wall," in which the bed was set, and how the people screamed and "stampit" when they got hold o' the "great professor fra Edinboro—such a bra' man"—and carried him into the house, in which he could hardly stand straight up; and how glad they were to shake hands with him, and to look in his

* From the information of Gilbert Burns, Dr. Currie gave the following account of the first settlement of the poet's father upon the place. It was while in the service of Mr. Crawford, of Doonside, that William Burnes (so he spelt his name) "being desirous of settling in life, took a perpetual lease of seven acres of land from Dr. Campbell physician in Ayr, with the view of commencing nurseryman and public gardener, and, having built a house upon it with his own hands, he married, in December, 1757, Agnes Brown, the mother of our poet. Before William Burnes had made much progress in preparing his nursery, he was withdrawn from that undertaking by Mr. Ferguson who purchased the estate of Doonholm in the immediate neighbourhood, and engaged him as his gardener and overseer; and this was his situation when our poet was born. Though in the service of Mr. Ferguson, he lived in his own house, his wife managing her family and little dairy, which consisted of two, sometimes of three, milch cows; and this state of unambitious content continued till the year 1766." Two additions have been since made to the building—a second cottage was added to the south gable, and a barn at the opposite extremity.

face—as glad as if he had been one of the poet's sons.

The procession—which we followed very closely—next reached the old kirk-yard of Alloway, scene of the famous poem of "Tam o' Shanter," and of which we have already given a brief description. Here the bell rang out a dismal chime, calling up the several associations connected with the venerable structure.*

Passing this object of universal attraction, the throng reached the little cottage of Mr. Auld (Doonbrae), the early patron of graceful Thom, the self-taught sculptor, whose rude carvings of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny having been exhibited in nearly every city and town of Great Britain, are now appropriately placed in a small

(Continued on page 106.)

* The churchyard contains several old monuments, of a very humble description, including one to William Burnes, a renewal of the original stone, which has been demolished and carried away in fragments. The churchyard of Alloway has now become fashionable with the dead as well as the living. Its little area is absolutely crowded with modern monuments, referring to persons, many of whom have been brought from considerable distances to take their rest in this doubly consecrated ground. Among these is one to the memory of a person named Tyrie, who, visiting the spot some years ago, happened to express a wish that he might be laid in Alloway churchyard, and, as fate would have it, was interred in the spot he had pointed out within a fortnight. Nor is this all: for even the neighbouring gentry are now contending for departments in this fold of the departed, and it is probable that the elegant mausolea of rank and wealth will here soon be jostling the stunted obelisks of humble worth and not less poverty.



PROCESSION OF SHEPHERDS.

THE THEATRES.

HER MAJESTY'S.

The opera season has now reached its close, and bright and beautiful have been the stars which either paid a transient visit, or lingered for some time in its horizon. As in the preceding year, it commenced last March with Donizetti's opera of "Adelia"—the charming Persiani sustaining the principal part, and a new signor (Corelli) that of *Olivier*. The ballet was "La Esmeralda," in which Carlotta Grisi was delightful, as was also a debutante, Mdle. Frasi, of whom we have not heard much since. On the 19th of the same month Herold's struggling opera of "Zampa" was produced, with a Signor Felice as the hero, who made a dead failure of it. After this came Rossini's "Cenerentola," in which Mdle. Favanti created a sensation. On Tuesday, April 9th, the full force of the troupe appeared in Bellini's delightful opera of "I Puritani," which, with nearly its accustomed cast, went off as brilliantly as ever. Rubini certainly was not the *Elviro*, but we hardly missed him in the presence of Mario. To this succeeded a revival of "Zampa," in which Fornasari contrived to give some interest to a part which had failed in many other hands; but we fear that, with all its acknowledged excellence, the opera will never be popular. We cannot go through a dull reprint of play bills or *affiches*, but must request our readers to turn back to our pages, where everything worthy of notice can be found. We must not, however, in common gallantry and politesse, forget to notice one or two other matters, and make a few remarks.

In the ballet department Cerito was nightly crowned with flowers, as she made her almost supernatural appearance in "Ondine." Then came the matchless Lablache in "Don Pasquale," but, despite his great powers, the opera seemed to be supported by its previous fame more than the applause it received in this country. Perhaps its production at the Princess's Theatre deprived it of its novelty in some degree. The ballet of "La Vivandière," with the introduced Redowa Polka, by the charming Cerito—the doubly digital man St. Leon (who plays the violin as well as he dances), next appeared for our wonder and delight. After this, public appetite was content with ordinary dishes for some time, when the announcement of Costa's "Don Carlos" gave it a new zest for change, which, after all, did not seem to be relished much being tasted. As to our own opinions of the merits of the opera we have already given them. The goddess Elssler has been nightly charming us in conjunction with Cerito, St. Leon, and Perrot; and Moriani, although he might have said on his first night's performance, "*Mi manca la voce*," with some truth, has no claims now to anything but our unqualified applause. The public is an Apicius in its taste, and we fear that Mr. Lumley, eager and liberal as he is to gratify it, will find it a difficult thing to set forth better fare than he has hitherto afforded. But we will not presume to set bounds to his active and generous speculation.

Ricci's opera of "Corrado di Altamura" is a most sorry affair. On Thursday night last, for the charming Persiani's benefit, such was the press of the multitude, that even the privileged press could scarcely obtain admission. We do not recollect ever to have seen a greater crowd of disappointed. The bill of fare was rich, and raised the appetite to the highest anticipation of luxurious enjoyment; but the *affiche*, which promised so many good things, turned out to be a *carte, not blanche*, but filled up and pre-occupied by some earlier visitors or customers. It was a hungry thing to look at it and not be allowed to participate in it. The opera season closes to-night.

THE LONDON ART-UNION.—DRAWING OF THE PRIZES.

On Tuesday the annual meeting of the subscribers to the Art-Union of London took place at Drury-lane Theatre, the Duke of Cambridge in the chair. His Royal Highness, after alluding to the exertions made by Lord Montagu and Mr. Wyse to legalize such institutions, congratulated the subscribers upon the fact that the number of subscribers to the Art-Union of London had doubled in two years. Their number was now 14,000. Mr. Godwin, the secretary, then read the report. The first portion of it detailed the steps which had been taken by the committee when the question of the illegality of Art-Unions was first mooted, until the enactment of the act of Parliament to legalize them. The report thus proceeds:—

"The subscription for the present year amounts to the sum of £14,848 1s., being an increase of £2,513 14s. over that of last year. There are now 271 gentlemen acting as foreign honorary secretaries, and it is hoped that the list will be still further increased. In America, especially, your committee are most anxious to increase their relations; and they have accepted with pleasure friendly offers of co-operation from the officers of a Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in the United States, named 'The American Art-Union.' The number of works of art selected by the prizeholders last year was 236, including two pieces of sculpture. They were exhibited for three weeks to the subscribers and their friends in the Suffolk-street Gallery, by permission of the Society of British Artists, and for one week gratuitously to the public without any limitation or restriction. It is estimated that in the whole nearly 200,000 persons visited this exhibition, and that, too, without the occurrence of any accident; another gratifying proof, if it were needed, of the eagerness of the public to avail themselves of any opportunity to examine works of art which may be afforded them, and of the perfect safety with which, under proper supervision, this privilege may be accorded."

The other most interesting parts of the report we subjoin:—

"The engraving after Mr. Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., by Mr. Goodall, 'The Castle of Ischia,' due to the subscribers of the current year (1844), in addition to the outlines, is in a forward state. The fact that two such works as these (either of which, under ordinary circumstances, would cost a guinea or more) can be produced for every subscriber of that sum, and still leave the greater part of the aggregate amount for the purchase of paintings and sculpture, affords an extraordinary instance of the results of co-operation. Every subscriber for 1845 will receive an impression of a line engraving, after Mr. Mulready, R.A., by Mr. G. T. Doo, 'The Convalescent,' which is far advanced towards completion. In consequence of the very successful result of the first competition of designs in outline, the advertisement was repeated. In reply, 32 sets of designs of various degrees of merit were received, from which the committee selected, as most deserving of the premium offered, a series illustrative of Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' by Mr. William Rimer. For a future year the committee have arranged to engrave 'Jephtha's Daughter,' painted by Mr. O'Neill, and selected by Mr. Cyrus Legg, a prizeholder of 1843; and have placed it in the hands of Mr. Peter Lightfoot for that purpose."

"In order to insure a good subject for engraving hereafter, and to induce the production of a superior work of art, your committee are about to offer the sum of £500, under conditions which will be advertised for an original picture illustrative of English history."

"The bronzes from Flaxman's 'Michael and Satan,' and Sir R. Westmacott's 'Nymph and Child,' executed very satisfactorily by Mr. Edward Wyon and Mr. Woodington, have been distributed to the prizeholders. For the present year the committee have caused a bust of Hebe, by Mr. A. Gatlif, selected by Miss Acocke, a prizeholder in the last distribution, to be put into bronze by Mr. Hatfield. Many of the casts are already finished."

"The account of receipts and disbursements for the current year showed that the sum set apart for engraving 'The Castle of Ischia' was £1889 7s. 9d.; for the outlines, £1805; for bronzes, £400; for expenses, £3163 13s. 3d.; for pictures, &c., £8590. It is satisfactory to observe that the expenses are little more than they were last year, notwithstanding the increased number of subscribers and the expenses caused by the late proceedings of Government. The amount set apart, according to the foregoing statement, for the purchase of works of art, viz., £8590, will be allotted as follows:—50 works of art of the value of £10 each, £500; 36 works of art of the value of £15 each, £540; 42 works of art of the value of £20 each, £840; 28 works of art of the value of £25 each, £700; 25 works of art of the value of £30 each, £750; 20 works of art of the value of £40 each, £800; 14 works of art of the value of £50 each, £700; 13 works of art of the value of £60 each, £780; eight works of art of the value of £70 each, £560; six works of art of the value of £80 each, £480; six works of art of the value of £100 each, £600; two works of art of the value of £150 each, £300; two works of art of the value of £200 each, £400; one work of art of the value of £300; one work of art of the value of £400. To these are to be added 30 bronzes of the 'Bust of Hebe,' making in the whole, 283 works of art."

The report concluded with some sensible remarks upon the importance of advancing the fine arts.

The Duke of Cambridge then introduced Mr. Wyse, M.P., who was received with very great applause. The hon. gent., after referring to the recent proceedings, made an eloquent appeal on behalf of the arts.

"There were some who held to the opinion that the tendency of the arts was a demoralising tendency. He had heard that opinion advanced in the House of Commons. Those who held it had, he believed, arrived at it from an inadequate conception of what art really was. Why, art, after all, was but another language. (Hear, hear.) It was the mode of giving expression to the feelings of a second mind. If the language of words was employed to give expression to the reason, so the language of the arts might be said to be employed to give expression to the imagination. (Repeated cheers.) Music, sculpture, and painting, were only different idioms of the same tongue, and if no one would refuse the language of our own nation, or the language of Rome or of Greece, because some immoral writer had employed those languages to express impure sentiments, so no one should reject art, which might be employed for a high moral purpose, merely because some painter or sculptor had used it to express the baser ideas of an impure imagination. (Loud and repeated cheers.) But, even admitting that art had now and then been perverted, how often had it been employed to excite high and honourable sentiment! Let no one tell him that he was not mentally elevated by a contemplation of the wonderful creations of a Michael Angelo or a Rubens!"

Mr. Wyse then alluded to the knowledge and love of the Fine Arts possessed by her Most Gracious Majesty. He said—

"As one of the Royal Commissioners of the Fine Arts, he (Mr. Wyse) could

safely assert, that more enthusiasm joined with a more excellent discrimination he had never witnessed than in our beloved Queen. (Hear, hear.) But it was not to the throne or the aristocracy alone that he looked at this epoch, for the encouragement of art; unless the people constituted the pedestal of the pyramid it would be in vain to hope that it would stand. Happily, however, there was every reason to believe that the arts were daily becoming more and more appreciated."

The report was unanimously adopted, and thanks were voted to Lord Montagu, the noble lord acknowledged. The Duke of Cambridge being compelled to retire, Lord Montagu took the chair, and the drawing of the prizes commenced. The number of prizes was 352. It was, as usual, performed by two young ladies, one of whom drew from a wheel the numbers corresponding to the tickets, while the other drew from another wheel the prizes appertaining to the numbers.

The first prize drawn was one of £70 in favour of Mr. Culling, of Dartford. This was followed by one of £30 in favour of Mr. Skipton, of Nova Scotia. The next prize drawn was one of £100 in favour of Mr. C. Kilburn, of Port Philip, Australia. The singularity of these two last prizes, awarded to persons dwelling on such opposite points of the earth, succeeding each so immediately, created a sensation of surprise, and the announcement was loudly applauded.

The following prizes were among those of greatest value and interest that were awarded:—

PRIZE OF £400.—Miss C. Hemmington, near Lonsdale.
PRIZE OF £300.—Mr. E. M. George, 92, Cheapside.
PRIZES OF £200.—Mr. W. Sanders, Barton upon Trent; and Mr. J. Flamm, Tavistock.
PRIZES OF £150.—Mr. E. Hazlett, Hounslow; and Silentio.
PRIZES OF £100.—Mr. W. Collingwood, Liverpool; Mr. Watlington, Bedford-place; Mrs. M. Queen, Tottenham-court-road; Mr. Joseph Chancellor, Bolton; Mr. Maberly, of the Post-office, Dublin.
PRIZE OF £80.—Mr. T. Rawlings, of Stourbridge.
PRIZES OF £60.—Mr. E. Pritchard, of Montgomeryshire; Mr. E. Hawkins, F.R.S.
PRIZES OF £30.—The Countess of Arundel, and Surrey; the Countess of March.
PRIZE OF £25.—The Earl of March.
PRIZE OF £20.—Mr. T. C. Foster, of the Middle Temple.
PRIZE OF £10.—Earl Grey.

Thanks having been voted by acclamation to the noble chairman, the meeting separated.

DINNER TO THE HEROES OF AFFGHANISTAN.

A splendid dinner was given on Wednesday, at the London Tavern, by the Directors of the East India Company, in honour of Sir W. Nott and Sir R. Sale. Sir W. Nott, however, was unfortunately unable to attend in consequence of indisposition.

The Chairman of the Hon. Company (Mr. Sheppard) was supported on the right by Sir Robert Sale, the Earl of Lincoln, Lord Eliot, Sir Robert Peel, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir George Murray, Sir E. Knatchbull, Mr. Weeding, and Mr. Assell; and on the left by the Deputy Chairman of the Hon. East India Company, the Earl of Ripon, the Earl of Dalhousie, Lord G. Somerset, the Hon. W. Baring, Sir T. Fremantle, the Lord Mayor, Sir J. Macdonald, Sir John Pelly, Sir R. Campbell, Mr. Sheriff Musgrave, and Mr. Sheriff Moon. The company numbered about 160.

At each corner of the dining-room, behind the Chairman, and at the opposite extremity of the hall, were ranged sideboards of massive gold and silver-gilt plate, consisting of gigantic, costly, and elaborately chased vases, shields, and cups. On the principal cross table, and immediately before the Chairman, was placed a magnificent plateau; while on the three longitudinal tables were displayed numerous gilt candelabra, vases, goblets, and a profusion of other plate, which gave to the entertainment an extremely rich, if not dazzling character.

The gallery at the lower end of the room was set apart on one side for the ladies, among whom were Lady Sale and her daughter, Mrs. Strutt, with Lady Nott and the Misses Nott, who were most loudly cheered on their entrance.

After the accustomed loyal toasts, the Chairman proposed "Sir George Murray," who returned thanks in appropriate terms.

Lieutenant Peel acknowledged the toast of the Navy.

After the health of Sir W. Nott had been given with all the honours, the Chairman proposed "Sir Robert Sale," which was given with great enthusiasm.

Sir R. Sale, in acknowledging the toast, said, "It has been my fortune to have served in India for many years, and I can safely vouch that I have had the honour of commanding the troops of the East India Company to my entire satisfaction. (Cheers.) Many instances I could mention in which no body of Europeans in the world could have shown more devotedness and attachment to their commanders than the native Sepoy troops. (Cheers.) Jellalabad has been alluded to—I may say that a finer corps there is not in the world than in that garrison under Colonel Monteith. I consider them all as brothers—a more jovial and jolly set I never met with. (Loud cheers and laughter.) They all very well knew that we were in jeopardy, but their determination was, that if the enemy came it should cost them dearly." (Loud cheers.)

The Chairman next proposed the "Health of Sir Robert Peel and her Majesty's Government."

The toast was drunk with three times three. Sir R. Peel returned thanks, and in the course of his speech said, "I confess I do rejoice, and while I live I shall never forget, that I have been present on this occasion, when Sir Robert Sale has received these demonstrations of public gratitude in the presence of that heroic lady (loud cheers) who has shed a double lustre on the name of Sale. (Repeated cheers.) We are not merely returning our grateful acknowledgments to distinguished men, but we are proving to the soldiers and sailors of this country that if they should be placed in situations such as those which Sir W. Nott and Sir R. Sale have occupied, if they should be charged with such grievous responsibilities as have fallen on them—however distant the scene of action, however comparatively small the army they may command, whether it be at Waterloo, or amid the shattered walls of Jellalabad—if British officers will do their duty—if they will make such sacrifices as those which were made by those gallant men, at the distance of 5000 miles, there are millions of British hearts beating in sympathy with them, and millions of British tongues which, on their return to their native country, will resound with their grateful acknowledgments. (Loud and continued cheering.) The evening afforded the utmost gratification to all present."

THE MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

(Concluded from our last.)

AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE is, in its "leader"—"St. James's, or the Court of Queen Anne"—somewhat more life-like than usual; but, the period is miserably unattractive; the incidents, this month, are Sacheverell's Trial, a sorry scene for the novelist; the consequent riots, fires, and dispersion of the rioters, are more in the Editor's vein: here is a specimen:—"The captain gave the word to proceed to Blackfriars at once; and, putting spurs to their horses, the troop dashed through Temple Bar, and so along Fleet-street. As they came in sight of the little bridge which then crossed Fleet Ditch, a bright flame suddenly sprung up, increasing each moment in volume and brilliancy, and revealing, as they drew nearer, a great pile of burning benches, pews, and other matters. Behind this pile was ranged a mighty rabble rout, lining to a considerable distance, both on the right and the left, the opposite bank of the Ditch. The ruddy light of the fire glimmered on the arms of the rioters, and showed the extent of their numbers. It was also reflected on the black and inert waters of the stream at their feet, disclosing here and there a lighter, or other bark, or falling upon the picturesque outline of some old building." Yet the incidents of this highly wrought chapter are but the stoking of some dozen troops into the mud of Fleet Ditch, and the fall of Proddy, the coachman, into the same happy haven! The paper on "The Writings of Douglas Jerrold" evinces higher critical acumen than we are wont to recognize in this miscellany. A tale of Lynch Law is much too long for its merit; and a string of "Excursions and Passing Occurrences" has the same fault. The remaining papers, with the exception of Mr. Peake's "Prussian Paddy Grenadier," do not rise above mediocrity: that on *Père la Chaise*, describing the monuments as "grand and beautiful," the "situation sweet," and the "grounds graceful," is insufferably dull. We should except from condemnation the continuation of Leigh Hunt's "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," as usual, teeming with classic thoughts and poetic imagery.

THE ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE is, this month, nearly as bright as either of its compeers: but, why should its massive columns be crammed with tales of the French Revolution, reminiscences of Old London, and eight pages on Witchcraft, with stock quotations from Glanvil, and his continuator, More. The only excuse for the admission of the latter paper is, that the Mesmeric mania may have suggested it. "The Birth of Venus," by Agnostos, is another staple magazine commodity. The Editor's contribution, "Lizzy's Back Hair," is a gentle reproof of one of the vanities of our nature. A fond mother will not allow her child's back hair to be cut off, to qualify her for admission to the parish school; she, consequently, does not go to school at all, and remains "ignorant as the pigs."

"Miserable vanity! thinks the reader, that in such condition sacrifices mental hopes to outward ornament! Alas, good Sir, 'tis very well to shake the head in sad reproof of pauper Lizzy Dock, and her foolish mother,—but how many are there, with all the world's comforts about them, who, in some way or other, do not sacrifice an inward excellence for some sort of 'back hair'?"

The lovers of light reading may sympathise with "The Adventures of a Scamp," in which there is a sort of dramatic interest. The paper, "Trafalgar-square; a Glance at the Past and Present," is the reverse of this attraction, and is a strange jumble of antiquarian scraps and politico-economical speculation; some of the writer's associations are very droll, as when he tells us of a spot near an old burial ground being used, after the exhumation of the bodies, "for the exhibition of the skeleton of the great whale, which must be well remembered." Miss Pardee's "Elfin, a Fairy Fancy," may, probably, lend wings to the graver matter of the number. There is an amusing notice of Mr. Twiss's "Life of Lord Eldon;" we should like to see more of the topics of the day in this miscellany. The plate illustration—"The Mayor and Corporation of Swinestead waiting upon Mr. Bagges," is a comic etching, by Leech.

THE GENTLEMAN is as ripe as ever with origins and antiquities, variety and research. Only think of twenty pages of "Conjectural Emendations on the Text of Shakespeare!" We agree with the author, that when "the age of original genius has passed, that of criticism begins;" though, for criticism, we are inclined to read "tiding." There is a serviceable piece of gossip about the Organs of the London Churches; and in the *Obituary*, the Memoir of Mr. Baggins is circumstantially copious. The Utilitarian reader will smile at a Correspondent's statement that the origin of the name of Tooke is not Danish or Saxon, but British or Celtic Toeg, a leader or commander; whence also came the Togodunnus, the brother of Caractacus.

THE METROPOLITAN contains its usual medium of tales and nouvelles; by

Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Abdy, &c.; with whom recent French history appears to be a favourite phase. "A Visit to Sark," one of the Channel Islands, will gratify the tourist who is not "used up." The gravest paper in the number is a short treatise on "The Instinct of Animals."

TAIT opens with a rattling continuation of "Bon Gaultier and his Friends," a gay string for some of the great lyrists' gems, translated by Young Scotland. "The Spirit of Aristophanes" is a very broad piece of quizzing; but the best paper is "The Rose of Tistelton," an analysis of the new Swedish novel by Emile Carlen, a formidable rival to her countrywoman, Frederika Bremer. The number is unusually poetical.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY continues its tale of 1760, "The Nevilles of Garretstown," in four stirring chapters. There is a clever analysis of the Life and Writings of the late William Taylor, of Norwich; a capital bird's-eye view of Australia; and a sort of postscript article on Sir Robert Peel and the Conservative party. The number is somewhat too matter-of-fact; but its gravity is lightened by the conclusion of Mr. James's "Arrah Neil; or, Times of Old."

A TREATISE ON THE STEAM ENGINE, by the Artizan Club (Nos. 1 and 2) has been undertaken to enable every man of ordinary intelligence and assiduity, however humble his means, to become thoroughly acquainted with the steam-engine in all its phases. The authors promise data, from which single practical rules will be constructed for determining the proper dimensions of every part of every kind of engine, so that when the size of the cylinder and pressure on the piston are given the right dimensions of every other part may be immediately computed. A work thus capable of supplying the wants of practical men has long been wanted; and, from the known repute of the "Artizan Club," we opine the present work will be satisfactorily executed: it will be completed in 20 parts, copiously illustrated, and will be obtainable for as many shillings.

MAXWELL'S HISTORY OF THE IRISH REBELLION, Part VIII., is occupied with the Battle of Castlebar, and the French occupation, the suppression of the insurrection, military executions, &c. An interesting document is commenced—"The Diary of the Bishop of Killala," detailing the transactions of the French army and their rebel associates, during their occupation of Killala—this having been placed at the disposal of the author by a relative of the gentleman to whom the letters were originally addressed.

SYLVESTER SOUND, Part X. The recall of the hero to London, and a trial, the plea *Somnambulism*; damages £2000, are the main incidents.

THE ART-UNION reports the distributions and exhibitions of the past month, and has a pleasant page or two of varieties. In an extra number (70), a "Report on the Exposition of the Industrial Arts at Paris," illustrated with several woodcuts, which, when completed, will be a valuable record of this great assemblage of French ingenuity.

EPITOME OF NEWS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

The Venetian journals notice the discovery of a native dwarf, of very extraordinary diminutiveness and unusual mental qualifications. The new genius is named Pietro Bianchi, and is a native of Istria, being born a few miles from the celebrated cape of that name, and in a district which is somewhat famous for giving birth to dwarfs, for more than one has been noticed of extraordinary restricted growth within the last few years. He is above 21 years of age, and only 2 feet 10 inches high, and weighs less than 24 pounds. He is well-proportioned, and agreeable in face and figure, and devoid of all deformities which generally distinguish dwarfs; the form of his head is particularly fine, and the development of his mind is in conformity with his age. He has learned several languages with great ease, and speaks fluently, besides his native tongue, the Illyrian, the Italian, German, and Croatian. He is shortly to visit the European cities.

Ministers have determined upon removing the seat of Government in the Falkland Islands, from Port Louis to Port William.

The Prince de Joinville was 26 years of age on Wednesday last, having been born at Neuilly on the 14th of August, 1818. He will be promoted to the rank of Vice Admiral on his return from the expedition against Morocco.

The Paris Papers say that the Comet discovered by M. Mauvais may now be seen with the naked eye in the direction of the east. Its tail appears to be about one foot long, and its light is rather dim. Round the comet is a circle similar to that which surrounds the moon when the weather is about to change.

The Skylark, 10, Commander Gooch, on the 28th May last, delivered to the Black Kings, Eye and Ambo, the presents from the English Government, in the Calabar River, up which she had proceeded for more than 100 miles. The presents consisted of a complete Court dress of moreen velvet, with silver lace of four inches width, gold-laced cock hats, scarlet trousers, with gold lace, and shoes with silver buckles. King Ambo gave a feast on the occasion, and introduced his 23 wives, some young and some old, who danced before our officers and men.

The celebrated tenor Duprez, who had purchased from M. Aguado, formerly banker to the Court of Spain, an hotel in the Rue Turgot (Paris), valued at from 200,000 to 300,000, for a certain sum of money and a life annuity of 20,000 fr., by the death of the annuitant, become possessed of the property after the payment of only one or two years' annuity.

An instance of the evil of too precipitate interment occurred a few days ago at Arles (France). After the burial of a child, the sexton, who remained alone to finish filling up of the grave, heard a cry issue from the coffin. He immediately took it up, and without opening it, carried it to the house of the mother. The lid being taken off, the poor child was found alive, and is now completely recovered. Not long ago, in making a grave in the same cemetery, a coffin was by chance broken into, and it was found that the occupant had revived after burial, and had gnawed the flesh of both the wrists before life was finally extinguished.

M. Bauduin, for many years director of the Academie de Musique of Douai, whilst waiting a few days since to attend the marriage of his daughter, suddenly expired. He was sitting in his chair, when some one handed him his gloves, when he exclaimed in a faint voice, "I want nothing more, I am dying!" and drooping his head instantly expired.

The journey from London to Brussels can now be accomplished regularly in one day. The arrangements for this great object commenced on Sunday last. The train left London for Dover at half-past 5 A.M., arrived at Dover at 9; the embarkation on board the Princess Mary, belonging to the Dover Railway Company, took place immediately, and the voyage to Ostend was performed in little more than four hours and a half. The passengers left Ostend at a quarter-past 4 o'clock, and arrived in Brussels at a quarter-past 9 the same evening, the whole distance (238 miles) having been accomplished in 15½ hours. The stoppage in Ostend exceeded two hours.

A letter from Geneva gives some details of a renewed attempt of Messrs. Bravais and Martins to ascend to the summit of Mont Blanc. On the 2nd instant, they set out, and reached the Grands Mulets. A second party followed them, composed of three young Englishmen and a Hungarian; they all slept there that night; and on the 3rd, the latter party set out first, and reached half-way from their sleeping-place to the summit, but were then compelled to return, from fatigue and fear of bad weather. The servant of the Hungarian, however, prevailed on two of the guides to go on with him, and they all three reached the top. They remained there only ten minutes, being alarmed by a dense cloud floating below them. The descent was very dangerous, the cloud having condensed into a coat of thick snow. Messrs. Bravais and Martins remained below, where they slept, and if the whole of the two parties had not retired immediately, they would have been in great danger of perishing. They returned in the evening to Chamouni.

The Thomas Bennett, which sailed from Liverpool for Charleston on the 31st inst., returned to that port on Wednesday morning in consequence of the master, Capt. Halsey, having been murdered on the 9th inst., in the Bay of Biscay, by the cook. The man was landed on the vessel's arrival, and conveyed to Bridewell.

On the turn of the tide, on Tuesday, the Russian frigate Aurora weighed anchor and left Gravesend, where she has been lying for nearly a month, on her return to St. Petersburg with despatches for the Emperor.

A grand dinner was given, on the 1st inst., by the Prince de Joinville, on board the Suffren, to the commanders of the different foreign ships then in the roadstead at Tanguet. There were also among the guests M. de Nyon, Consul-General of France; M. Jorell, Consul at Mogadore; and M. Martineau, the Neapolitan Consul, who, after the departure of M. de Nyon, took charge of the French Consulate.

THE BURNS' FESTIVAL ON THE BANKS OF DOON.

(Continued from page 105.)

lodge at the foot of the monument to the memory of Burns. Mr. Auld's cottage, with its beautifully laid-out grounds, its shell houses, miniature lakes, and shaded walks, form a feature of the vicinity. The excellent owner has exhibited considerable taste in the arrangement of his tir demesne; and is the guardian of the several sacred things about him; protecting the old grave-yard, the monument, and the garden that surrounds, from the encroachments of interlopers and the more perilous cupidity of "curious" strangers. Immediately opposite his house, and at the foot of the bridge, is a good inn. Beside this the crowd passed, then over the new bridge, and, by a circuitous route that conducts to the summit of a small hill, commanding a view of the whole scene, they reached the "Auld Brig o' Doon," which ascending and descending, (for it is remarkably steep) they arrived opposite the platform, where the leading conductors of the ceremonials of the day, and the more dignified of the visitors, were arranged to receive them. Some idea of this scene, by far the most interesting, impressive, and exciting of the day's proceedings, may be gathered from the appended print, which exhibits "the processions" walking slowly and in admirable order before the platform, on which stood the three sons of Burns—on the right of these gentlemen were Lord Eglintoun, his lady, and their friends, and the Lord Justice-General of Scotland; on the left were Professor Wilson, and Alison, the historian, Mrs. S. C. Hall having been condescendingly placed between them by these two honoured and distinguished men. Immediately behind were ranged a number of eminent persons, the interest in whom, however, was absorbed by that which attached to Mrs. Begg, the sister of the poet, her two daughters, and her son.

When this highly-exciting incident had terminated, the guests proceeded to the pavilion. It was about two o'clock when they took their seats. The two galleries allotted to the Chairman and the Croupier, with their friends, were placed at the east and west extremities of the buildings. On the right of the Chairman were seated Robert Burns, Esq., the poet's eldest son; Major Burns, the poet's youngest son; Miss Begg, niece of the poet; Henry Glassford Bell, Esq., Sheriff-Substitute of Lanarkshire; Rev. Alexander Cuthill, Ayr; Robert Burns Begg, Esq., the poet's nephew, teacher in Kinross; Miss Begg, the poet's younger niece; and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, of Dumfries, the "Jessie Lewars" of the poet. On the left of the Chairman were Colonel Burns, the poet's second son; Sir John McNeill, late Ambassador to Persia; Lord Boyle, Lord Justice General of Scotland; the Countess of Eglintoun; and Sir David Hunter Blair, of Blairquhan, Bart. At the Croupier's table were Archibald Alison, Esq., Sheriff of Lanarkshire, and author of "Alison's History of Europe;" Colonel Mure, of Caldwell, author of "Travels in Greece;" William Aytoun, Esq., advocate, Edinburgh; W. R. Collett, Esq., M.P. for Lincoln; James Oswald, Esq., of Aucincruve, M.P. for Glasgow; A. Hastie, Esq., M.P. for Paisley; Sir James Campbell, Glasgow; Hugh Miller, Esq., of Midton, Provost of Ayr; Charles Mackay, Esq.; James Ballantine, Esq., of Castlehill; and James Campbell, Esq., of Craigie. The space allotted to these ladies and gentlemen was, as we have intimated, very limited; and allowed of no accommodation for the guests—invited if not expected. To this "mistake" it is needless again to refer. In the body of the pavilion were a few—very few—men of letters, visitors from far away places, and of some of whom Scotland has great reason to be proud; such, for example, as Dr. Moir, the "Delta" of "Blackwood's Magazine," Robert Chambers, whose works are so well known, and good right had he to be there—foremost among the men whom the people delight to honour; for, but for his exertions, near relatives of the great poet—to render homage to whose memory the tens of thousands had assembled—would have been enduring neglected penury instead of enjoying independent comfort. It cannot be indelicate here to allude to a subscription—creditable alike to the receivers and the givers—in procuring which Robert Chambers was mainly instrumental, by which Mrs. Begg and her family were placed in the comparatively luxurious home they now possess. A time will come when an assemblage equal in extent and enthusiasm to that which rendered famous the 6th of August, will be called together to commemorate the prosperous industry and useful energy of a gentleman who has made not Scotland alone, but the whole civilised world, his debtor.

Of the Chairman's opening address we have already given a report. It was pithy and condensed, yet remarkably conclusive and comprehensive. It was indeed an example of true eloquence,—if eloquence is to be estimated by the effect produced. There was in it no word too much—not a syllable that might have been as well left unsaid. It was delivered in a calm impressive manner, yet with a degree of chivalrous zeal which showed that the heart as well as the mind was interested in the issue. There was one expression which in particular told with amazing power upon the assembly—when the speaker made reference to the occasion as one that exhibited the feelings of "repentant" Scotland.

A brief notice of the speeches which followed that of the chairman, may content the reader. From that of Professor Wilson we give the leading passages. He thus introduced the toast—"Welcome to the Sons of Burns!"

Were this Festival to commemorate the genius of Burns, and it were asked what need is there of such commemoration, since his fame is co-extensive with the literature of our land, and inherent in every soul, I would answer that though admiration of the Poet be indeed unbounded as the world, yet we, as compatriots to whom it is more especially dear, rejoice to see that universal sentiment concentrated in the voice of a great assembly of his own people—that we rejoice to meet in thousands to honour him who has delighted each single one of us all at his own hearth. (Loud cheers.) But this commemoration expresses, too, if not a profounder, yet a more tender sentiment; for it is to welcome his sons to the land which their father illustrated—to indulge our national pride in a great name, while, at the same time, we gratify in full breasts the most pious of affections. (Cheers.) It was customary, you know, in former times, to crown great poets. No such ovation honoured our bard: yet he, too, tasted of human applause—he enjoyed its delights, and he knew the trials that attend it. Which, think you, would he have preferred? Such a celebration as this in his life-time, or fifty years after his death? I cannot doubt that he would have preferred the posthumous, because the finer incense. I would not even in the presence of his sons pass all together over the father's faults. But surely they are not to be elaborately dwelt upon in this place, and upon an occasion like this. It is consolatory to see how the faults of those whom the people honour, grow fainter and more faint in the national memory, while their virtues grow brighter and still more bright; and if in this, injustice has been done them—and who shall dare to deny that cruellest injustice was once done to Burns—the succeeding generations become more and more charitable to the dead, and desire to repair the wrong by some profounder homage. Truly said "the good which men do lives after them." All that is ethereal in their being alone seems to survive; and, therefore, all our cherished memories of our best men, and Burns was among our best, ought to be invested with all consistent excellences; for far better do their virtues instruct us by the love which they inspire, than ever could their vices admonish us. Burns, who, while sorely oppressed in his own generous breast by the worst of anxieties—the anxiety of providing the means of subsistence to those of his own household and his own hearth—was, notwithstanding, no less faithful to that sacred gift with which by heaven he had been endowed. (Applause.) Obedient to the holy inspiration, he ever sought it purely in the paths of poverty—to love which is indeed from heaven. From his inexhaustible fancy, warmed by the sunshine of his heart, even in the thickest gloom, he strewed along the weary ways of the world flowers so beautiful, that even to eyes that weep—that are familiar with tears—they looked as if they were flowers dropped from heaven. Among mighty benefactors to mankind, who will deny that Robert Burns is entitled to a high place? He who reconciled poverty to its lot, who lightened the burden of care, made toil charmed by its very task-work, and almost reconciled grief to the grave; who, by one immortal song has sanctified for ever the poor man's cot, and by a picture which genius alone, inspired by piety, could have conceived, a picture so tender and yet so true of that happy night, that it seems to pass, by some sweet transition, from the working world into that hallowed day of God's appointment, and made to breathe a heavenly calm—a holy serenity. Now, I hold that such sentiments as these which I have expressed, if they be true, afford a justification at once of the character of Burns—his moral and intellectual character—that places him beyond the possibility of detracting, amongst the highest order of human beings who have benefited their race by the expressions of noble sentiment and glorious thoughts. The people of Scotland loved their great poet. They loved him, because he loved his own order, nor ever desired, for a single hour, to quit it. They loved him because he loved the very humblest condition of humanity, so much, that by his connection he saw more truly, and became more distinctly acquainted with what was truly good, and imbued with a spirit of love in the soul of a man. They loved him for that which he had sometimes been, most absurdly, questioned for—his independence. They loved him for bringing sunshine into dark places; not for representing the poor hard-working man as an object of pity—but for showing that there was something more than is dreamed of in the world's philosophy among the tillers of the soil, and the humblest children of the land.

The eloquent and accomplished Professor spoke for about an hour. His speech excited the utmost enthusiasm throughout the assembly. Its effect was enhanced by the "forceful" style of his delivery, augmented, at least to strangers, by the highly "picturesque" appearance of the speaker—his manly form, expressive features, and fine intellectual head, aided by a deep-toned and exceedingly musical voice.

Robert Burns, Esq., rose to reply to the toast. He said:—
I am sure the sons of Burns feel all that they ought on an occasion so gratifying on which so noble generous a welcome has been given them to the Banks of Doon. Who could they have given it but a reception prepared for them by the genius and face of their father, and under the providence of God, they owe to the admirers of his genius all that they have, and what competence, they now enjoy. (Cheers.) We have no claim to attention individually—we are all aware that genius, and more particularly poetic genius, is not hereditary—and in this case the mantle of Elijah has not descended upon Eliah. (Applause.) The sons of Burns have grateful hearts, and will remember, as long as they live, the honour which has this day been conferred upon them by the noble and the illustrious of our own land, and many generous and kind spirits from other lands—some from the far West, a country composed of the great and the free, and altogether a kindred people. We beg to return our most hearty thanks to this numerous and highly respectable company for the honour which has been done us this day. (Loud cheers.)

Sir John McNeill, in proposing the health of "Wordsworth and the Poets of England," paid this beautiful compliment to the great poet of the age:—

Dwelling in his high and lofty philosophy, he finds nothing that God has made common or unclean—he finds nothing in human society too humble—nothing in external nature too lowly to be made the fit exponents of the beauty of the goodness of the Most High. (Cheers.) It may be that the lofty position of such a mind has much that is obscure to every inferior intelligence. It may be that its vast expanse can only be but dimly visible—it may be that the clouds of intense splendour from the star may veil, from common eyes, some portion of the stately temple they perfume; but we pity the man who can turn from the sublimity of the edifice he has been invited to survey, which has been reared by the might of creative genius, for there he will find "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything." (Applause.)

Henry Glassford Bell (Sheriff Substitute of Glasgow) proposed the next toast—"Thomas Moore, and the Poets of Ireland." Having offered some preliminary remarks upon the great occasion of the assembling, he asked:—

Will this meeting refuse a similar cup of welcome, and of thanks, to the poets of Green Erin? (Great cheering.) Will this meeting where so many bright eyes rain influence, and many hearts beat high, not hail with simultaneous delight the name of one who shines conspicuous as the very poet of youth, of love, and of beauty—the poet, with deference he it spoken, of better things than even beauty—of gentle thoughts and exquisite associations, that give additional sweetness to the twilight hour, and to the enjoyments of home a more enduring loveliness—the poet, too, of his own high-souled country, through whose harp the common breeze of Ireland charges, as it passes, into articulate melody—a harp that will never be permitted to hang mute on Tara's walls. (Immenae applause.)

"Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eye
Blend like the rainbow that shines in thy sky!"
(Applause.) How many voices have to-day murmured a wish that he were here; but the echo of the acclaim with which we greet the name of Moore will reach him in his solitude, and he will feel—what Burns died too young to feel—that it is something worth living for to have gained a nation's gratitude. (Cheers.) Of the great men of Ireland who are dead, I must not pass to a eulogy. But let me be permitted to express, in name of this meeting, our respect and admiration for the best of the living dramatists—one deeply imbued with the spirit of the Elizabethan age—one who has rescued our stage from the reproach which seemed ready to fall upon it—one to whose exuberant poetical fertility, and bold originality of thought, we are indebted for such beautiful creations as "Virginian" and "William Tell," the "Hunchback" and the "Love Chase"—our valued friend, James Sheridan Knowles. And I might have stopped here, had it not been that I have to-day seen that not the gifted sons alone, but also some of the gifted daughters of Ireland, have come as pilgrims to the shrine of Burns—that one in particular—one of the most distinguished of that fair sisterhood who give, by their genius, additional lustre to the genius of the present day, has paid her first visit to Scotland, that she might be present on this occasion, and whom I have myself seen moved even to tears by the glory of the gathering. She is one who has thrown additional light on the antiquities, manners, scenery, and beautiful traditions of Ireland—one whose graceful and truly feminine works, are known to us all, and whom we are proud to see among us—Mrs. S. C. Hall. (Great cheering.)

[The warm and cordial manner in which the name of Mrs. S. C. Hall was received, under such circumstances, and at such a meeting, cannot fail to remain among the most cherished memories of her life—one that she must ever regard as a noble and liberal recompense, and a sure encouragement to such exertions as can alone secure to an author a place in the esteem of a thinking and upright people. The enthusiasm with which she was greeted from all parts of the building thoroughly astonished her. It was an honour for which she was totally unprepared; one for which she is deeply grateful, and one to become worthy of which is a high ambition.]

Archibald Alison (the historian) proposed the "Memories of Scott, Campbell, and Byron."

Three illustrious men—the far-famed successors of Burns, who have drank deep at the fountain of his genius, and proved themselves the worthy inheritors of his inspiration. (Applause.) And Scotland, he added, I rejoice to say, can claim them all as her own. For if the Tweed has been immortalized by the grave of Scott, the Clyde can boast the birth place of Campbell, and the mountains of the Dee first inspired the muse of Byron. (Prolonged cheering.) I rejoice at that burst of patriotic fervour; I hail it as a presage; that as Ayrshire has raised a fitting monument to Burns, and Edinburgh has erected a fitting structure to the author of Waverley, so Glasgow will ere long, raise a monument to the bard whose name will never die while Hope pours its balm through the human heart; and Aberdeen will worthily commemorate the far famed traveller who first inhaled the inspiration of nature amidst the clouds of Lochnagar, and afterwards poured the light of his genius over those lands of the sun where his descending orb set—

"Not as in northern climes obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light."
W. Aytoun, Esq., (the distinguished Advocate) next proposed the "Memories of James Hogg and Allan Cunningham," in a speech full of hearty eloquence and true feeling. The former, he said—

Was a man indeed cast in nature's happiest mould. True-hearted, and brave, and generous, and sincere, alive to every kindly impulse, and fresh at the core to last, he lived amongst his native hills the blameless life of the shepherd and the poet (cheers)—and on the day when he was laid beneath the sod in the lonely kirkyard of Ettrick, there was not one dry eye amongst the hundreds that ling'ered round his grave. Of the other sweet singer, too—of Allan Cunningham, the leaf-hearted and kindly Allan—I might say much, but why detain you farther? Does not his name alone recall to your recollection many a sweet song that has stirred the bosom of the village maiden with an emotion that a princess need not blush to own? (Applause.) Proud, indeed, may be the district that can claim within herself the birth-places of Burns and of Cunningham; and proud may we all be—and we are proud, from yourself, my lord, to the humblest individual here—that we have the opportunity of testifying our respect to the genius that will defy the encroachment of time; and which has stood, and will continue to stand, a splendour and a glory around the land that we love so well.

Sir D. H. Blair, having proposed the "Health of the Ladies," Colonel Mure gave "The Peasantry of Scotland;" Sir James Campbell followed with "The Land of Burns;" the Chairman with "The Provost of Ayr;" the Lord Justice-General with "The Noble Chairman," who, after replying, gave that of "Professor Wilson," immediately after which the meeting began to separate, and the proceedings of a most important day—a day that will be for ever distinguished in modern Scottish history—terminated.

Without, "the common people" had been pursuing their sports; bagpipes and violins came to the aid of merry dancers, and the several bands paraded about the field and roads. The rain, which descended grievously towards the close of the day, materially abridged the enjoyments of the crowd, but in tents erected on the ground they contrived, no doubt, to obtain as large a share of pleasure as the guests who were housed in the pavilion; and, all matters considered, this was an object of even higher importance than the festival within doors; and this to a stranger must be described as the principal achievement of the day, for the accomplishment of the main purpose was the bringing together a mass of persons of humble stations, who saw in the homage rendered to one of their own class, the surest acknowledgment of genius, and the most direct encouragement to honourable efforts on the part of the "meaner sort." Of these, indeed, as we have intimated, there was no lack; but it is to be deplored, that of the aristocracy, in rank and in letters, the gathering was infinitely less numerous than we were led to expect it would have been. This evil strikes us the more forcibly when we know, that within two hours journey of Ayr there were a couple of dukes, half-a-dozen other noblemen, and a score or two of men of title, attending a show of "fat beeves," who left the duty of commemorating a man who has glorified Scotland, to a single peer, about a dozen of Scottish "worthies," and 50,000 Scottish women and men. Moreover, the attendance from Edinburgh was miserably poor; and the absence of some of its leading characters ought to be accounted for. The assembly was, in truth, rescued from the reproach of failure, because Wilson was there with his sound heart, high intellect, and delicious voice; and Alison, a master-mind of the age, whose manly person and eloquent countenance indicate the searching inquiry after truth, and the earnest resolve to establish truth, which characterise the produce of his powerful pen. There were indeed others present whose presence would give importance to, and confer dignity upon, any meeting; but upon these two great men the glory of the occasion mainly rests. It cannot be denied that if Scotland—"repentant Scotland"—has discharged its debt to its poet, that debt has been paid by the "common people" of the country.

Robert Burns
Mary Burns

AUTOGRAPH.

We are by no means sure that even now, the poet, Robert Burns, if he lived again to sing his immortal songs, "wandering unknown (to quote a fine sentence from the speech of Lord Eglintoun, who did his devoirs nobly) along the banks of Fife," would receive a whit more homage from the higher classes, than he did, when, struggling with poverty, he roamed about a depressed gauger—such in his own esteem—because of the wretched "calling" to which necessity compelled him to resort.

Alas! how true it is that men of letters are valued only during the moments of pleasure they bestow; and that in this country the lucky

dealer in "soft goods" is a man of far higher importance than he who enlightens a world, and makes of his debtors all mankind.

Yet Scotland will be for ever proud of this "great gathering," for fifty thousand of its people met in honour of their bard!

To us the movement seemed the most united and fervent we had ever witnessed. We were unprepared for the steady resolve to honour the poet's memory, which, however fixed, was animated ever and anon by an uncontrollable impulse that uncovered the heads of the multitude, and sent their shouts into the sky, peal after peal, taken up and repeated again and again, as company after company of the various "trades," "archers," and "shepherds" waved their banners above the "Auld Brig o' Doon." As we looked upon the heaving multitude, we could not avoid thinking, that if all the preparations for the banquet had suddenly disappeared, the manifestation of respect on the part of the people towards their poet, would have been accomplished—the heart-beatings of Scotland as thoroughly exhibited, as if no pavilion, with its tasteful draperies and elevated galleries, had been planted on the banks of the river that waters the land of Burns. The arrangements of the day, as far as the processions went, were perfect; but it must not be forgotten that those were the PEOPLE'S arrangements, and if the literati of the United Kingdom had but manifested the same unanimity, assembling to evince their honour to the dead, and their sympathy with the living, as it was hoped they would have done, the "gathering" would have then been in all respects the most extraordinary ever witnessed in Great Britain. Yet, while we regret what it was not, we shall always rejoice that we witnessed what it was. Who that has done so can cease to remember the fervent looks of the old and middle-aged—the tearful eyes and exclamations of the young, the eagerness with which parents pointed out to their children the grey-haired sons of the poet, whom they delighted to honour. On, and on, and on they came—in peace and harmony—disturbed by no jarring feelings, moved by no political object—warmed by the genial influence of the tenderest, and most elevated patriotism! The shouts of the people echoed by the as enthusiastic cheers of the nobleman and gentlemen who were on the platform, while the tears of the fairer portion of the assembly proved how deeply they sympathised with the great purpose they had met to commemorate! As long as the procession was in progress, the men who composed it abstained from any manifestation of their feelings, beyond lowering their banners, uncovering their heads, and gazing upon the poet's sons; but when the gigantic thistle, the emblem of their native country, closed the procession, and had been not only honoured, but divided and borne off, blossom by blossom, and leaf by leaf, by the company, as mementos of the "field of Burns," there was a fearful rush of human beings back towards the platform, and eager hands were upstretched from below to grasp the hands of the children of the poet. Their rapture knew no bounds; it could not be controlled, and certainly Professor Wilson came in for a fair share of the popular applause, and his hands were eagerly shaken by many, while mothers lifted up their infants to be touched by the sons of their bard; if the platform had not been strongly built, it must have given way, for the pressure against the supporters was immense; but it was well constructed, and bore up bravely.

When the fever of our own excitement had subsided—when the day was past, and the grey twilight of the succeeding morning crept slowly into our window, we asked ourselves how it was that such a multitude were moved in these days of utilitarianism, at a time too when much discontent, consequent upon the want of employment, is so largely felt and talked of. We asked, we say, how it was that such a number of a cool and calculating nation assembled to pay tribute to the memory of a poet! Does it not prove that the feelings of the Scot, however guarded by conventional usages, are warm and earnest, that his nature is fervent, that he throws himself passionately into a cause, when that cause is connected with either of the two great main springs of his heart—his religion or his country?

*Thou shalt not forsake
thyself, but shalt perform
unto the Lord thine
Oath.*
math 5th 33rd

AUTOGRAPH.

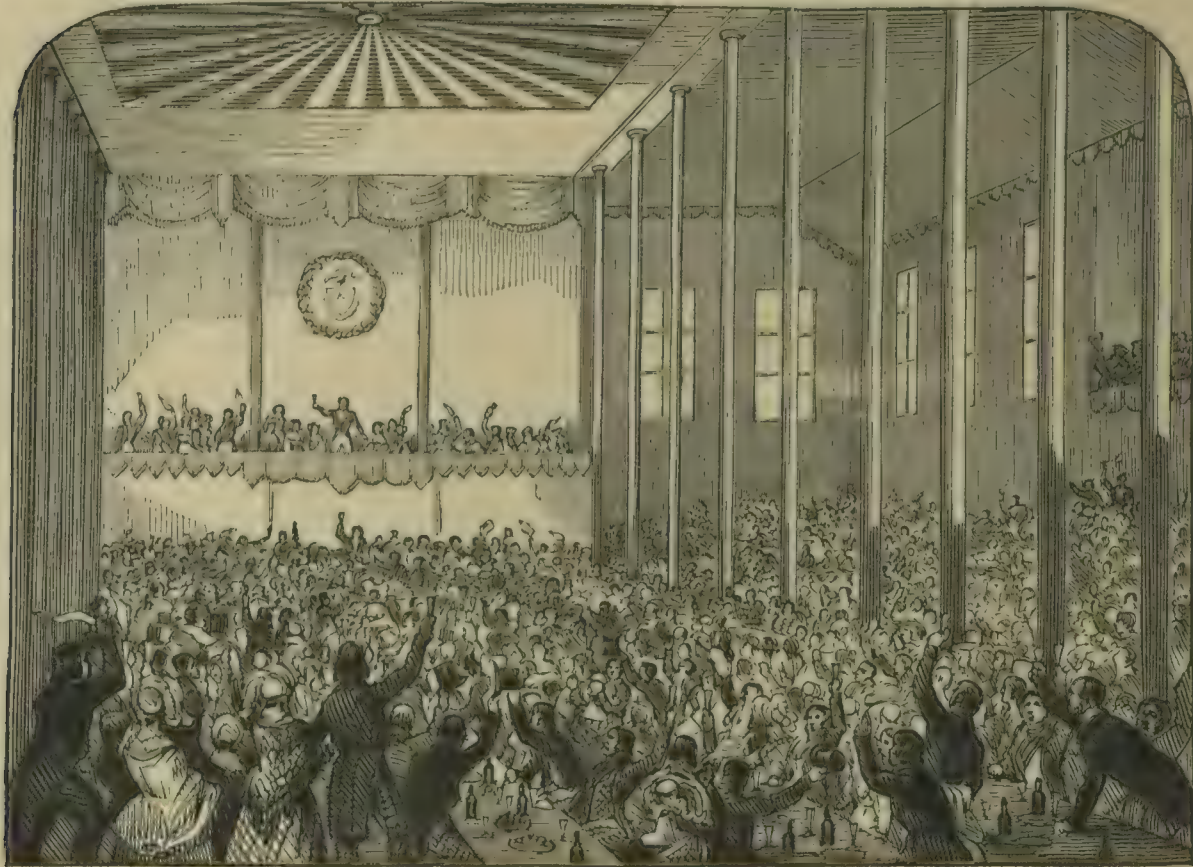
For some days after the festival, the objects of interest connected with the early life of Burns received many visitors. The number of those to whom he was known, except by his imperishable works, is now very limited. Our notice of the meeting on the banks of Doon would be, however, incomplete without some description of the poet. He is thus pictured by his earliest biographer:—

Burns was nearly five feet ten inches in height, and of a form that indicated agility as well as strength. His well-raised forehead, shaded with black curling hair, indicated extensive capacity. His eyes were large, dark, full of ardour and intelligence. His face was well formed, and his countenance uncommonly interesting and expressive. His mode of dressing, which was often slovenly, and a certain fulness and bend in his shoulders, characteristic of his original profession, disguised in some degree the elegance and symmetry of his form. The external appearance of Burns was most strikingly indicative of the character of his mind. On a first view, his physiognomy had a certain air of coarseness, mingled, however, with an expression of deep penetration, and of calm thoughtfulness, approaching to melancholy. There appeared in his first manner and address, perfect ease and self-possession, but a stern and almost supercilious elevation, not, indeed, incompatible with openness and affability, which, however, bespoke a mind conscious of superior talents. Strangers that supposed themselves approaching an Ayrshire peasant who could make rhymes, and to whom their notice was an honour, found themselves speedily overawed by the presence of a man who bore himself with dignity, and who possessed a singular power of correcting forwardness and repelling intrusion. * * * His dark and haughty countenance easily relaxed into a look of good will, of pity, or of tenderness; and, as the various emotions succeeded each other in his mind, assumed with equal ease the expression of the broadest humour—or of the most extravagant mirth—or of the deepest melancholy—or of the most sublime emotion.

A ramble about the scenery associated with the poet's name, in the immediate neighbourhood of his birth, is a noble theme for the pen and pencil; but we have already occupied on the subject greater space than we can well afford, although far less than it deserves. A few brief comments, indeed, we have offered in reference to the points most conspicuous; and it only remains to us to supply some notice of the monument to his memory, which stands above "the banks and braes of Doon." This we shall borrow from the beautiful and valuable book, published by Messrs. Blackie of Glasgow, entitled "The Land of Burns." The monument was erected by subscription.

It was finished on the 4th of July, 1823, when Mr. Fullarton of Skeldon, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of freemasons and subscribers, placed the tripod on the summit, and delivered an appropriate address. The building recalls the purest days of Grecian architecture. It was meant by Mr. Hamilton to be in some measure a revival of the celebrated monument of Lyciscates at Athens; and it also, we believe, bears some resemblance to the church of San Pietro in Mantoria at Rome. The edifice consists of a triangular basement (representative of the three divisions of Ayrshire—Carrick, Kyle, and Cunningham), upon which rises a circular peristyle, supporting a cupola. The peristyle consists of nine pillars, representative of the number of the muses, thirty feet in height, and of the Corinthian order. They were designed from the three remaining columns of the Comitium in the Forum at Rome. Above the cupola rises a gilt tripod, supported by three inverted dolphins—fishes sacred to Apollo, and hence selected as ornaments proper to the monument of a poet. The whole building, the cost of which was about £2000, is sixty feet in height, from the platform within the peristyle. The view embraces not only Alloway Kirk, the Old Bridge, the banks of the Doon, and other objects consecrated by the genius of the poet, but a track of country of unsurpassed beauty and richness, and one of the noblest inland seas connected with our Scottish shores. About an acre of shrubbery surrounds the monument; and it is not unworthy of notice, that the gardeners of the district, led by an admiration of the genius of their gifted countryman, assemble once every year, and give this spot a day's labour. In the interior chamber there are exhibited several articles appropriate to the place—a copy, by Mr. Steven, of Edinburgh, of the original portrait of Burns, by Ramsay—a range of various editions of the poet's works—a snuff box, made from the wood-work of Alloway Kirk—eight chairs, made from the beam which supported the bell in the old steeple of Ayr (the bell of "the Dungeon Clock")—and some oil illustrations of scenes in the poems of Burns.

The cottage where Mrs. Begg, the only surviving sister of the poet, resides, is a model of neatness. One window of the little parlour looks into a small garden, where flowers and vegetables are trained and cultivated; and another commands a view of the high road.



BANQUET IN THE PAVILION.

Within, when we visited it, all was cheerfulness; a fire sparkled warmly, and not unseasonably, although the month was August; the venerable lady was surrounded, not only by her own children and grand-children, but by the sons of that brother, to whose memory thousands had paid homage during the past day.

Mr. Robert Burns, the eldest of the poet's sons, bears a strong personal resemblance to his father. His eyes are large, dark, and intelligent; and his memory is stored with legends, poems, and historical records of great value: these materials are not only abundant, but well arranged and ordered, and when a question is asked, the intelligent reply is ready. His conversation is rich in illustration, and, though he most gracefully said, that "the mantle of Elijah had not descended upon Elisha," we believe that the son possesses much, which nothing but the memory of his father's greatness could have obscured.

It was most pleasant to meet Colonel and Major Burns beneath this humble roof, when we knew how much their society was coveted by those who had stately halls, wherein to receive them; but neither the luxury of Eastern life, nor the brilliancy of London society, had rendered their true hearts insensible to the delightful and natural feelings which hallow the Scotsman's home. Although an absence of three-and-thirty years from "kith and kin," had elevated (mainly by their own honourable exertions) the poet's sons to a much higher "caste," in the world's estimation, than is allotted to their cousins, they were not, therefore, the less eager to enjoy the "cracks" and memories of the days, when they sported, in innocent childhood, amid the "braes of Doon"—gazed with reverence, and it might be awe, through the chinks of the walls of Alloway Kirk—clustered around the stone, which the piety of the poet-son had placed at the head of his father's grave—or gathered wild flowers upon the spot, where thousands assembled, and which will be known and hallowed to posterity, not as the battle-fields of Scotland are known, but as the PEACEFUL FIELD—the FIELD OF BURNS—the "POET'S FIELD"—over which his plough, no doubt, had passed; and where, after a

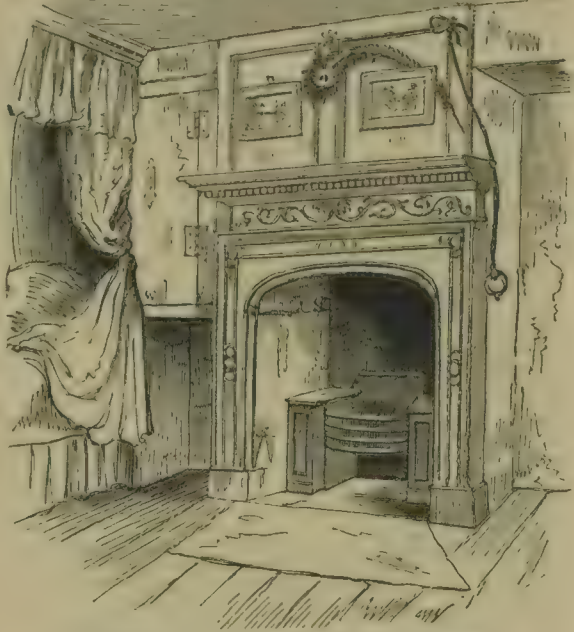
lapse of fifty years, the titled, and honoured, and wealthy, of his own and other lands, met to render homage to the "Poet of the Poor." The memory of their boyish days and the excitement of the past day struggled together upon their lips; while the "auld lady's" quiet voice was heard at intervals, giving a word or two of information, or setting something right that had been imperfectly stated.



BURNS' "QUAICH" (DRINKING CUP.)

There was also a very old man, a brother of Mrs. Burns, present during a portion of our visit; but the interests of this world do not seem to have much charms for him; he reminded us somewhat of his sister's picture—the one published in Cunningham's "Life of Burns."

These various members of so interesting a family met together but for a few days, and are now dispersed again to their various



INTERIOR OF A FAVOURITE RESORT OF BURNS.

homes and occupations; but they will carry the memory of that day with them to the very brink of a new existence.

WOLVERHAMPTON RACES.—MONDAY.

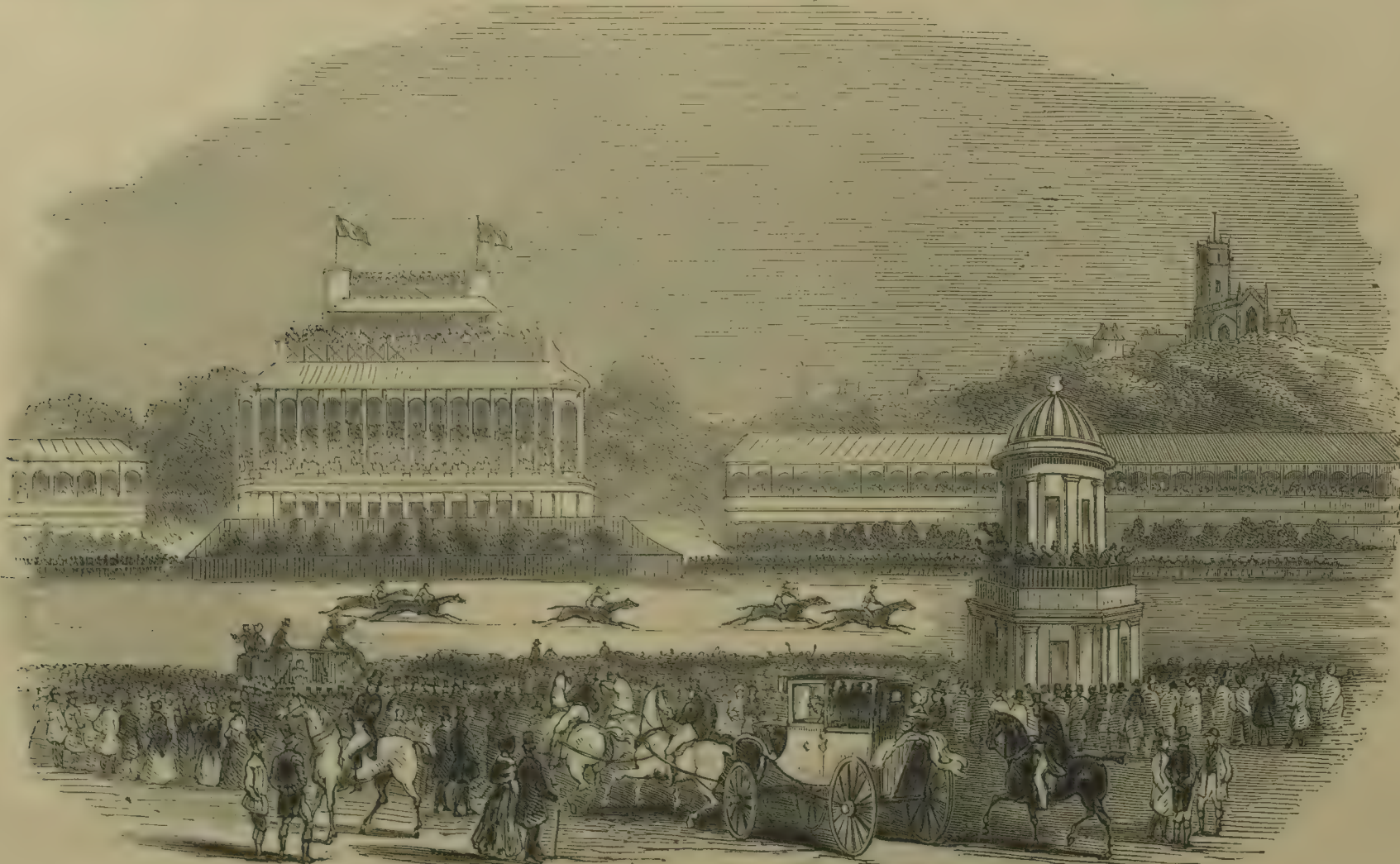
The Produce Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added.			
Mr. Copeland's Ninety-one	(Marlow) 1
Mr. Bristow's Freystrop 2
The Wolverhampton Stakes of 25 sovs each.			
Mr. Wreford's Franchise, 5 yrs, 6st 10lb	(A. Day) 1
Mr. Payne's Mania, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb 2
Won easy.			
The Ladies' Purse of £50; heats once round and a distance.			
Mr. King's Yarrow, 3 yrs	(Lye) 1
Mr. Copeland's Imaum, 3 yrs 2

TUESDAY.

The Patchull Handicap of 15 sovs each, with 30 added.			
Col. Anson's Marquise, four yrs	(Abdale) 1
Mr. Charlton's Nix my Dolly, five yrs 2
The Chillington Stakes of 10 sovs each, with 50 added. T.Y.C.			
Mr. A. W. Hill's Sweetmeat	(Calloway) 1
Mr. Copeland's My Mary 2
The Cleveland Cup of £100, by subs of 10 sovs each, with 50 added.			
Mr. Irwin's Mickey Free, three yrs	(Bumby) 1
Mr. Jacques's Advice, three yrs 2
Won easy by two lengths.			
The Borough Members' Plate of £60.			
Mr. Hawkins's Nix my Dolly, five years	(Calloway) 1
Mr. Collett's Rory O'More, aged 2

WEDNESDAY.

The Wrottesley Stakes.			
Everton 1
What 2
Extempore 3
No others ran.			
The Holyoake Stakes.			
Marquise 1
Roderick 2
Five started.			
The Consolation Plate of £50 for the beaten horses.			
Lord Warwick's The Mule, four yrs	(Arthur) 1
Mr. Cooke's What, four yrs 2
Mr. Flintoff's The Rhine, four yrs 3
Mr. E. Peel's Cane, four yrs 0
Won in a canter.			



WOLVERHAMPTON RACES.



SCENE FROM THE BURLESQUE OF "ALADDIN; OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP," AT THE LYCEUM.

SCENE FROM "ALADDIN," AT THE LYCEUM.

Four-and-twenty pretty fairies
All in a row,
Harness'd too in flower-bands
Lightly they go!
There's A LAD in the gilt car,
They very well know,
Who with them altogether makes
A very nice show
As they trot along to merry tune
Of *Long-Jumeau*!

Long-Jumeau for Postillions
Has been a place of Fame,
But Batty, Batty, (not Mozart's
Tho' similar in name)
Can boast another Postillion
Who best of all alive
Can, four-in-hand, ay! twenty-four
To Greenwich take a drive,
And trot along to merry tune
Of *Long-Jumeau*!

He 'as liv'd a thousand twelvemonths,
And will live another yet,—
The Genius of the Ring-dom Kingdom
No one can forget!
But still we do not envy him
While here we chance to see
A troop of such a two-times twelve
Of Grace and Symmetry
As trip along to merry tune
Of *Long-Jumeau*!

FITZ-STEPHEN.

BY
"THE OLD SAILOR."

Here then was a strange vicissitude—a change from joy to sorrow; from merriment to misery; and he who had hoped to repose in the arms of beauty was that night the lonely inmate of a prison cell, with a tortured conscience depriving him of rest. His father had not been idle; his own honour had been wounded through that which had been inflicted on his son; and without a moment's loss of time he instituted an inquiry into the circumstances connected with the alleged offence; and those who knew the elder Fitz-Stephen were well aware of his sterling integrity.

The principal witness, who had laid the information, was one of the crew of the *Carraok* on her last voyage; and had quitted her on his arrival home through ill health. He had gone to the dwelling of his parents in Limerick, where, though every care and attention were bestowed upon him, he continued to droop, till feeling, as he supposed, the near approach of death, he revealed to his father circumstances that induced the latter to request the attendance of a magistrate; and in the presence of that functionary and the priest, he made the deposition on which the warrant had been granted. He was still too ill to make his personal appearance as an accuser, and, as the charge was of so serious a nature, Lynch and Mac Connor were kept in durance. In a few days, however, to the surprise of every one, the man, having unburdened his mind, rapidly recovered, and a time was set apart for public examination.

The court was densely crowded—the Mayor occupied the magisterial seat, aided by two others whom he had called in to his assistance. The prisoners were brought up, and both seemed full of confidence as to the result. The usual forms having been gone through the informer made his appearance, looking more like a corpse arisen from the grave than a living man—his eyes were sunk and his cheeks hollow and deadly pale—and he could scarcely walk without support from others. A seat was placed for him, he was sworn, and then commanded to relate all the particulars that had come to his knowledge.

He stated, that "on the night Don Sebastian disappeared he had laid himself down beneath some loose sails in the boat that was in amidstips, on the deck, and fallen asleep, but was awoke by a commotion abait, and raising himself up he beheld his commander struggling with the Spaniard, over whose mouth Phelim was forcibly pressing his hand, and they were trying to force Sebastian over the stern; that Phelim succeeded in gagging the foreigner, and Lynch having stunned him by a blow they raised the unresisting victim in their arms and launched him overboard."

"And was there no one else on deck at the time this took place?" inquired one of the magistrates.

"Not a soul, sir, barring the Captain, Phelim Mac Connor, and myself," answered the man.

"You then alone were a witness to this transaction," remarked the same magistrate; and then, turning to his brother officials, he added,—"That is strange!"

"Not strange at all, Sir," uttered the man, "seeing as it was midnight and moonlight, for 'as the time for the watch to be relieved, and one watch had been ordered below to send the other up."

"Did you give no alarm when your shipmates came on deck?" inquired the magistrate.

"Not a bit of alarm, sir," answered the witness, "for I was afraid of the life of me if it was known that I had seen what I did, and so I got under the sails again."

"Have you never repeated this tale to any one until it was divulged to your father?" asked the Mayor.

"Never a soul, your honour," replied the man with a shake of the head; "I loved Mr. Lynch too much to spake a word about it."

"What induced you, then, at last, to confess?" inquired the magistrate who had first questioned him.

"What made me tell, sir? Oh, then, the cowl'd hand of death was on my heart, for my conscience would not let me rest no how at all, and I pin'd and withered because of my trouble. But when I had cleared it out, then the heavy, icy hand was taken off of me, and, please God, I hope I shall recover yet."

"Who was at the helm on this night?" asked the other magistrate, who had not spoken before.

"Not a creature did I see, sir," answered the man, "barring when I heard the body splash into the water, Phelim took the tiller, and the captain went below. I nather listened nor saw any more, sir."

"Did the foreigner make no noise—no crying out—no appeal for mercy?" demanded the Mayor.

"Not to my hearing, your honour," was the reply; "though it was the con-

fusion and skrimmaging abait that woke me from my sleep, and may be there was a sound of voices, but no words came to my ears."

"Could you perceive no struggling in the water after the body was thrown overboard?" inquired the first magistrate.

"I niver looked, sir," responded the man; "for when I heard the splash it's bothered I was entirely, and so I ducked my head as soon as the captain left the deck."

The magistrates whispered together: the statement was plain and unvarnished, but the elder Fitz-Stephen still strongly suspected that the whole was a fabrication to cover some secret purpose of revenge. The total absence of all actuating motive for such a murder had great weight in the old man's mind.

"Were the young men friendly together previous to this time?" questioned the Mayor.



"Sure, and they always was; never an angry word or look did myself ever see pass betune them; they always spoke kindly to each other, barring the Captain was a bit dull at first."

"There is much mystery in all this," said the first magistrate. "Pray did you ever have a quarrel with your captain or the other prisoner?"

"No, niver, sir," answered the witness with emphasis, "saving a taste of the sticks, for love, with Phelim; but that's no quarrel, and sad and sorry I am for bringing them here; but the truth is the truth, and it's myself has towld it this blessed hour."

Nothing further could be elicited from the witness, who adhered most undeviatingly to his evidence. Others of the seamen were called, who corroborated the statement of the informer, that the watch had on that night been ordered below by the captain; that Phelim had been left at the helm, and the Spaniard was seated near the stern. Others deposed that, belonging to the relieving watch when they came on deck Phelim was still at the helm, but the Captain and Sebastian were not to be seen: of the fate of the latter they were wholly ignorant. All, however, testified to the good feeling that existed between the deceased and Lynch Fitz-Stephen at all times during the voyage home.

The prisoners were called upon to explain, or not, as they might deem fit, but they merely denied the accusation in positive terms; and Phelim averred that he had left the Spaniard on deck after he was relieved. Under all the circumstances the magistrates came to the determination to commit the accused for trial, and never had such strong excitement been raised in Galway as was prevalent now. The prisoners were sent back to the gaol, and preparations were made for their defence before the judge, who arrived about a fortnight afterwards to clear the prisons. The court was opened with great pomp. The prisoners were placed at the bar—every corner, and nook, and avenue was filled by anxious expectants of an acquittal, for the evidence against the accused was considered too slight to insure condemnation, and the body of the deceased had not been found. The same witnesses were rigidly examined, but their testimony remained unshaken; nothing further was advanced to procure conviction, and Lynch whispered to his foster-brother that they were certain to be acquitted: even the Mayor, who sat on the judicial seat, smiled with complacency as confident of the innocence of his son.

The trial was drawing near its close, and the prisoners had just been called upon for their defence, when an unusual bustle at the entrance of the court attracted attention in that direction—it was caused by the officers clearing the way for a venerable personage in foreign attire, who was, after considerable exertion, able to approach the table. The elder Fitz-Stephen immediately recognised his ancient friend, the father of Don Sebastian, who had just arrived from Spain, and the meeting between them was touching in the extreme, whilst the hitherto assumed indifference of Lynch and Mac Connor quailed before the agonized gaze of the afflicted fathers.

Explanations were made to the Spanish merchant respecting the trial and its causes, and the evidence was read over to him by the Mayor, who was well versed in the Biscayan tongue. The old man listened with agonized attention, though he could not repress his grief, nor prevent occasional bursts of horror and indignation. At the close, he rose up, and, briefly addressing the judge, announced that he had another witness to bring forward in support of the accusation. The prisoners gave each other a rapid glance, but instantly resumed their firmness, though Lynch could not conceal from himself that his fraudulent conduct must necessarily be revealed.

The Spaniard took the oath, and the Mayor was sworn to translate his statements duly and truly to the court, but he did so without hesitation, under a fervent expectation that the character of his son would now be cleared even from suspicion. He related the whole of the circumstances connected with Sebastian's departure from Spain, and his real object in doing so, and the elder Fitz-Stephen learned with amazement and terror the delinquencies of Lynch, his licentiousness and guilty pecculation.

"And now," said the merchant, in a tone of almost overpowering emotion, "he on whom my soul delighted is no more; the hand of the assassin has struck him down, and the faithless friend has cruelly and murderously deprived me of my child." The Mayor writhed in agony, for the motive was assigned which might lead to such a cowardly and wicked act. "You have heard the testimony of the accuser," continued the aged man. "It is true—all true; and I will produce my proofs in support of my assertion." He waved his hand, and four stout seamen with difficulty made their way, carrying a long black case, which they laid upon the table.

Lynch had bowed down his head, wholly subdued by mental agony, as the Spaniard's address proceeded—he covered his face with his hands, and wept. But when the witness spoke of further proofs, he suddenly aroused himself, and watched with keen interest as the box was brought into court. But what was his horror and despair, when, on the side of the case being removed, he beheld the corpse of the murdered man—the features were bloated, and scarcely to be recognised; but the dress was indisputable—the skull had been fractured by a blow and there was a gag bound in the dead man's mouth.

A wild and soul-piercing cry escaped the superior of the two prisoners, who loudly and vehemently exclaimed, "It is he—it is he! Great God thou art just, and the murdered rise in judgment against the murderer—I am guilty, I am guilty," he groaned, as if his heart was bursting, and fell heavily on the floor. Phelim was more firm, but the appearance of the dead to testify against him made even his strong frame tremble, yet he uttered not a word. As for the Mayor, the prop that had supported him was torn away, the stay of his declining years was snapt asunder, and his heart failed within him, for Lynch had avowed his guilt and hope was at an end.

The evidence was resumed; and the merchant stated that after receiving intelligence of his bereavement he embarked for Galway, and when on the Irish coast the spot was pointed out to him near to which the accident was supposed to have occurred. Sorrow and anguish had almost overpowered him, and he sat down and wept.

"There is something floating at a short distance on the starboard bow," exclaimed a sailor who was on the foreyard—"it looks like a dead body—some poor creature who has suffered shipwreck; rest his soul!"

The merchant heard it; he sprang from his seat and hurried forward, where the men were gathering to obtain a sight of the object—it was indeed a corpse, and, conjecturing that it might possibly be the perishing remains of his child, he earnestly entreated that the boat might be put out to ascertain the fact. The captain demurred, for the wind was fair, and the superstitious notions of seamen urged them to have nothing to do with the decaying putrefaction, but the aged man was so importunate that his request was granted; he went in the boat himself, and found not only that it was indeed his son, but also that he had lost his life through a deed of violence. Contrary to the feelings of the sailors, the corpse was taken on board, and a case made to contain it. They reached Galway on the day of trial: the agonised parent was informed of what was passing; he hastened to the court, and the events occurred as they have been already narrated.

The evidence was corroborated in every word, and, independent of the confession that had been made, was considered conclusive, so that the prisoners were found guilty, and the judge proceeded to pass sentence of DEATH. The duty of the Mayor compelled him to retain his place on the judgment seat whilst condemnation was uttered, and, appalling as it was, he was forced to listen to the cries of the prisoner for "mercy, mercy;" that was beyond his power to bestow. But the venerable parent performed his soul-harrowing functions, though the tremour of his frame and the quivering muscles of his face strongly evinced the intensity of his suffering.

The prisoners were removed from the bar, the judge departed, and the mayor laying aside his office with its symbols, became again the father. He visited his wretched son, received a full and free confession of the past, gave him no hopes of commutation, but urgently exhorted him to prepare to die, as the next day but one would assuredly be his last, and Phelim, who was immediately to be removed to another place, would expiate his offence upon the gallows at the same time.

The parting between the foster-brothers was very distressing; but still Lynch clung to hope; he knew that his mother's family was numerous and powerful, and he trusted much, not only to their intercession, but, even if that should fail he relied upon their successful attempts at rescue rather than have a talk upon their name. Aileen, the blighted and drooping Aileen, came to bid him a last adieu, and she was accompanied by the sister, whose long cherished hopes of happiness he had for ever blasted. The interview—but who could adequately delineate a scene that was one continued development of bitter, soul-rending agony—clasping each other in desperate embrace, and then yielding to fits which deprived the females of every sign of animation—cries of despair and lamentations for those who were about to die—it was terrible to hear, but still more terrible to witness.

The hour drew near, and the elder Fitz-Stephen, to whom, in his official capacity, was entrusted the charge of seeing the sentence of the law carried into execution, was apprised that a strong force of the Blakes as well as a horde of the wild mountaineers had resolved, in disguise, to attack the scaffold, and to carry off the convict. Several of the Fitz-Stephen family had joined in the confederacy, and had not the Mayor been informed of the intended assault—could it have been carried into effect without his knowledge, he would, perhaps, have rejoiced had it been successful; but the report which he had received came from indisputable authority. His stern sense of the inviolability of his office prevailed over the tender emotions of the parent, and he determined that the Spanish, as well as his own nation, should behold the inflexibility of justice, though administered by a father's hand. He ascertained the correctness of the information that had been given him: he might have surrounded the gallows with an armed force, but that would have inevitably led to a collision, and the shedding of more blood. He, therefore, at an early hour in the morning, had the criminal secretly conveyed to his own house, where the ministers of the law's avenging power were, by his command, also in attendance.

The father and the son were now in the same apartment; the one exhorting his guilty child to penitence; the other, in compliance with the entreaties of his parent, kneeling in fervent prayer. Then came the last agonizing embrace; and that over, the father was charged to the unbending chief magistrate, the son to the criminal who was about to suffer. They were in an upper room, and the rope had been affixed to a beam near the open window. A shout arose in the distance, and a messenger hurried in to report that the Mayor's stratagem had been discovered, and a numerous body was then hurrying towards the house. Lynch heard the shouts, and a flush of hope crimsoned his face, but the next moment he was in the hands of the executioner and the halter put round his neck.

"Yet stay, father, stay," implored the young man, "only for a few minutes grace to utter another prayer—oh I cannot die thus—release your holds you—" he struggled violently, but the Mayor waved his hand—the body was thrown out at the window, the cracking beam told that it had received its weight, and when the crowd reached the dwelling they beheld the last contortions of the criminal. The body was soon cut down by the leaders of the assaults, but life was utterly extinct—the wretched father laid senseless on the floor.



Phelim also suffered according to his sentence, and he died with firmness, regretting the fate of his foster-brother, and accusing himself as the cause of it. In two months the hand of the destroyer was again among them—Aileen and Mary expired within a few hours of each other, and were buried side by side in the same grave.

(The end.)

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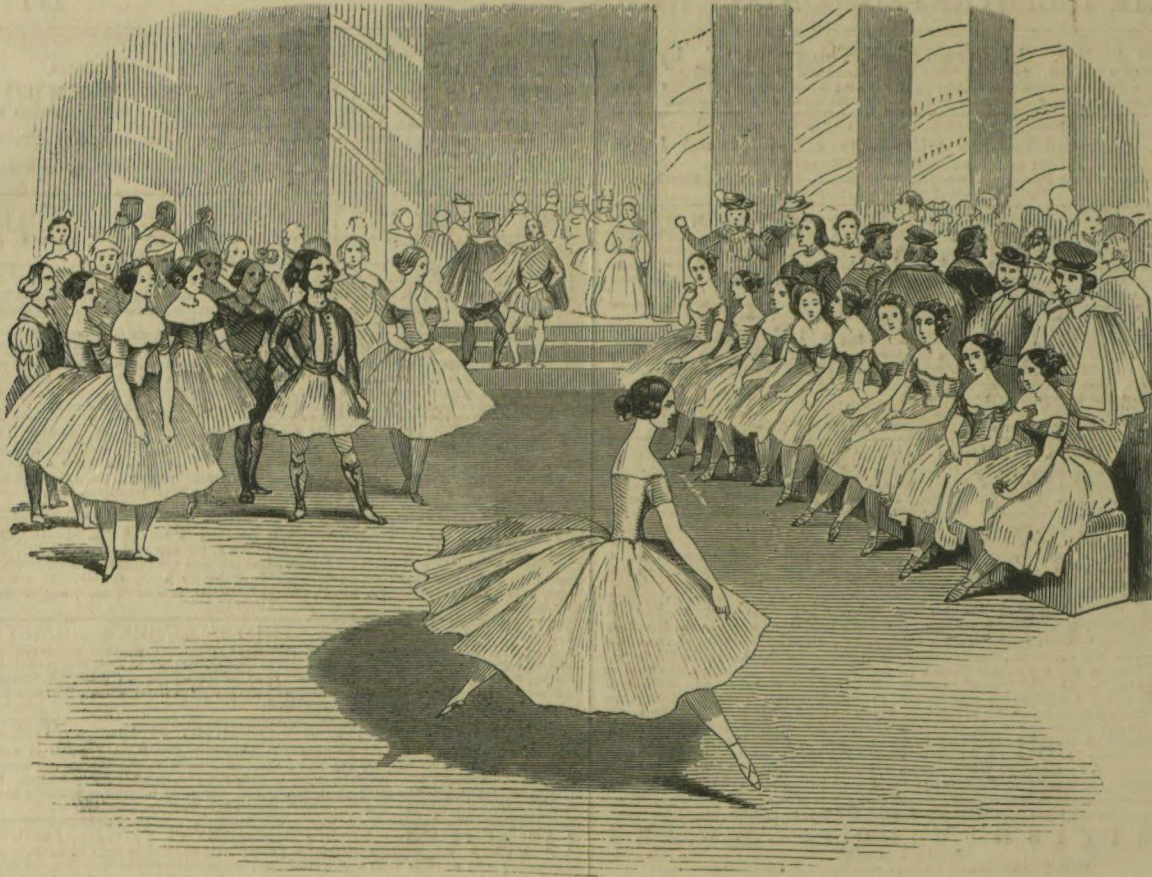
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MADLE. CERITO, IN THE BALLET OF "ALMA."

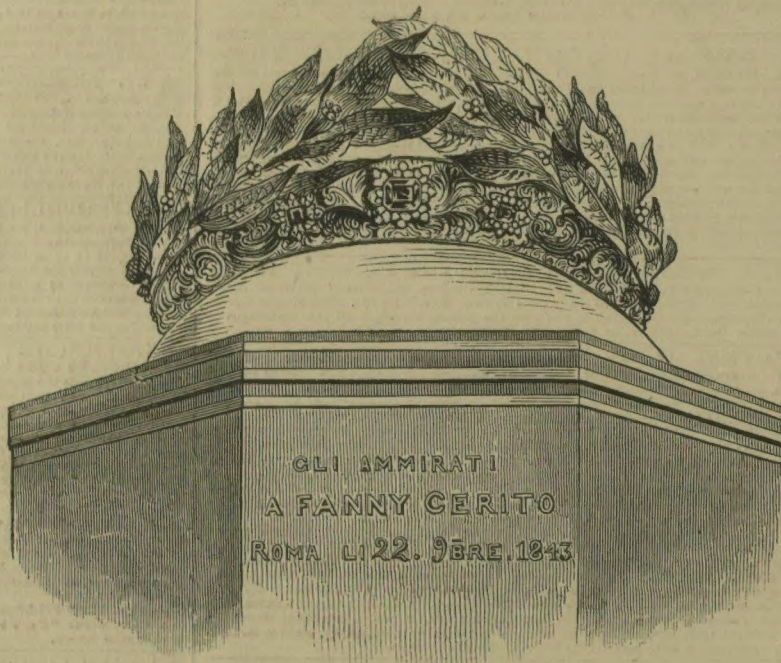
HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

CERITO IN THE REVOLVING PAS.

The revolution of the heavenly bodies is not half so wonderful as that of those "fair celestials" who trip it on this earth so lightly, as even to seemingly scorn her power of gravitation, and float themselves in "mid air" at pleasure. Amongst these ethereals, foremost we must notice Cerito, who, in the *pas* from the ballet of "Alma," which our illustration presents, not only turns her own head à merveille, but those also of all her beholders. Never was such a feat so marvellously performed. It is quite Circean—a vortex—a maelstrom of beauty, and whirls everybody into its enchantment as surely as ever did any syren's stratagem of old. And yet Fanny Cerito means but to delight, not to ensnare or injure.

THE MARRIAGE SCENE IN "CORRADO DI ALTAMURA."

The music of Ricci is rather cold-blooded to some temperaments who have been accustomed to be carried up to blister by the hot dishes of Donizetti, &c., of the modern school. Each is very good in its way, no doubt, for *chacun à son goût*, but the healthiest palate is that which can relish moderate and wholesome food. The melodies of Ricci are simple and flowing—more calculated to please than astonish. The opera from which our artist has selected the Marriage Scene, so boldly interrupted by *la Grisi*, was first produced at La Scala; next it appeared at the *Fenice*, in Venice—about the same time at Vienna, Trieste, &c., but we doubt if it will ever be a lasting favourite. Its fault is tameness.



CROWN PRESENTED TO CERITO AT ROME.



SCENE FROM RICCI'S NEW OPERA OF "CORRADO DI ALTAMURA," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

EVERY BODY'S COLUMN.

TO A POET WHO DIED OF WANT.

(From the German of Uhland.)

A life of struggle, grief, and pain,
Fate had appointed thee;
And death in want, hath snapp'd the chain
Link'd life to misery.

The Muses came—a glorious throng,
Around thy infant bed;
They touch'd thy lips with golden song,
But, ah! denied them bread!

Thy mother from thee early died,
And thou didst find it vain,
To hope from any heart beside
For love like her's again.

Round thee the world its treasures spread
In overflow of blessing,
But ever from thy grasp they fled,
For other men's possessing.

Sprung with its blossoms made thee blest—
Its flowers were dreams to thee;
But autumn's grape another press'd—
Another strip'd its tree.

And often thou thy thirst hast slaked,
Thy cup with water filled,
While echoes, by thy songs awak'd,
Through halls of feasting thrill'd.

Amid the busy world you walk'd
As though it were not thine,
And to unlistening ears you talk'd
A language too divine.

When borne unto thy mortal rest,
How frail thy corse will be!
Lightly thy foot the earth has press'd—
Lightly lie its dust on thee!

L. FILMORE.

LITERARY NOTES OF THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

Among the books sold this week, which formed part of the library of the late Duke of Sussex, were copies of rare books, the notes to which proved that his Royal Highness not only read them, but reflected upon their contents. There were some specimens of the Duke's notes to T. B. Browne's "History of the Laws Enacted Against the Catholics," page 302: "I cannot join in the praises which this historian (Plowden) bestows on the liberal views of 'this great statesman and excellent governor' (Lord Chesterfield, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland), because I feel persuaded that it was fear drove him, as in Mr. Plowden's own words, it 'drove Great Britain to do justice to Ireland for some months of danger.'" (The Duke thereon remarks—"I fear this to be true." Page 133, in a note on Oates's Plot—"The King, who is supposed to have disbelieved the whole of the plot, never once exercised this glorious prerogative of mercy. 'It is said,' remarks the right hon. gentleman, 'Fox, in his history of the reign of James II.,' 'that he dared not; his throne, perhaps his life, was at stake; and history does not furnish us with an example of any monarch with whom the lives of innocent or even meritorious subjects ever appeared to be of weight, when put in balance against such considerations.'" (The Duke says—"This is a very severe remark, but I am apt to believe that the idea is formed upon fact, and not merely speculation.") Again, the author observes that when Charles I. "found it necessary to dissolve the sitting of Parliament, he had recourse to that impolitic measure of openly compounding with the Catholics for the penalties to which they were subjected." (The Duke of Sussex observes—"This was certainly a political error; the Sovereign of this country ought never to be a party man.")

THE MORMONITES.

The recent murder, in the United States, of the religious impostor, Joe Smith, the founder of a sect called Mormonites, has directed some attention to the ignorant dupes who formed part of that body, and a few particulars concerning them may therefore be interesting. Joe Smith, an educated mechanic, of an ambitious and fanatical turn, living in the interior of the state of New York, pretended that an angel appeared to him in the year 1827, and told him where he would find a stone box, containing certain gold plates, with a revelation from Heaven inscribed on them. He spent upwards of three years in translating this new revelation, by celestial aid, as he pretended, from the unknown language in which it was written; and having so done, the gold plates were carried to Heaven. The volume professes to be a Supplement to the Bible; it is called "The Book of Mormon," and gives a pretended history of about 1000 years from the time of Zedekiah, King of Judah, to A.D. 420. The Israelites transported from their native land in the days of Zedekiah are traced in divers pilgrimages till their arrival in America, and down to the year 420, when, having peopled and civilized America, the true seed were all destroyed, to the number of 230,000, in a battle with the apostates, at the very spot where the gold plates were found—only one escaping, namely, the prophet Moroni, who wrote the history of his race, and from whose history Joe Smith has translated and abridged "The Book of Mormon." With this new Koran, Smith, in imitation of Mahomet, established a sect, of which he was the heaven-appointed prophet, destined to lead them into a Promised Land, there to build a New Jerusalem. This Promised Land was the state of Missouri, which the Mormonites were to occupy by divine right, and from which they were to expel all unbelievers. They were, however, driven out of the state of Missouri into that of Illinois. Here they settled at a town called Commerce, near Keokuk, on the east bank of the Mississippi, a little above the junction of the river Des Moines; and they gave to the place the name of Nauvoo. Buckingham mentions the number of the new sect at 5000; but Mr. Baird, writing four or five years later, reckons them at 10,000.

INCREASE IN THE SIZE AND POPULATION OF LONDON.

The growth of London and the increase in its population since the accession of the Stuart family, in 1603, have long been matters for marvel and observation. "The growth of London," says David Hume, "has been prodigious. From 1600, it doubled every forty years; consequently, in 1690," he adds, "it contained four times as many inhabitants as at the beginning of the century." In 1604, London was said to contain little more than 150,000 inhabitants. In 1619, the average number of deaths per week was from 200 to 300; the weekly average of deaths for the last five years has been 900. The health of the metropolis has improved, therefore, very materially, for the population of 1843 is twenty times as great again as the population of 1619. At the Restoration, it was calculated by Sir William Petty, that there were about 120,000 families within the walls of London. "The trade and very city of London," says Petty, "removes westward, and the walled city is but one-fifth of the whole pile." * * * Before the Restoration," he adds, "the people of Paris were more than those of London and Dublin put together; whereas, now '1687', the people of London are more than those of Paris and Rome, or of Paris and Rouen." * * * From the Restoration to the Revolution, a period of twenty-eight years, the population of London increased, to the infinite amazement of all who took an interest in the progressive history of the English people. No one paid more attention to this subject than Sir William Petty, a very active and able Fellow of the Royal Society, then newly formed. His printed tables differ occasionally, but the result of his labours seems to have been, that in 1682, there were about 670,000 souls in London, both within and without the walls; that in 1685, the burials of London were 23,222; and in 1684, 23,202, or 446 per week. That, in 1686, when London contained about 87,000 houses, it was seven times bigger than in Queen Elizabeth's time. In the year 1791, the burials within the bills of mortality are stated to have been 18,760; less than Strype's or Petty's estimates. But this affords, unfortunately, no fair average of the number of deaths in London; very many, who died within the limits of London, were buried without the bills of mortality, in places like Bunhill-fields and Spa-fields, for which no returns were made in these very incomplete specimens of political arithmetic.

A NEW AND USEFUL MODE OF NAVIGATION.

A Mr. Dempster has invented a new mode of sailing, which seems to present many advantages. He terms his invention the "new rig," and has fitted up a model yacht, the Problem, by means of which he reached Newcastle-upon-Tyne, from Berwick-upon-Tweed, by himself; although he had neither compass, chart, light, nor even a pump on board. The Problem is capable of being made to turn round and round as if on a pivot, without even a sail being altered—attention to the shifting of the helm when she takes stern way being all that is necessary to perform the evolution. This manœuvre is well adapted for vessels of war, as broadside after broadside, bow and stern guns, could be discharged without ever having occasion to call a man from his gun to attend to the braces. The vessel can with ease be propelled stern foremost, and tacked or wore in that direction—an excellent manœuvre for backing a vessel clear of dangers suddenly observed ahead—viz., a stern-board can be given to a square-rigged vessel, or they can be box-hauled, but they cannot be tacked or managed astern the same as the Problem can. The fore and aft triangle sails go round without touching a mast. It is in these sails where the principal advantage rests in the rig. Under them a vessel properly managed will never miss stays in the heaviest sea, or in the lightest wind.

SCIENTIFIC MEMORANDA.

A stone crossed the Firth of Forth, with the S.W. wind of the 5th instant. A single plant of sea-weed had grown upon it, and, being covered with numerous air-bladders, migrated with the stone to the north shore. Upon being lifted out of the water, the stone weighed 3lb. 11oz., and the material of the plant, 2lb. 3oz., making, in all, a weight nearly of 6lb., which the buoyancy of the air, inclosed in a multitude of small pods, had safely ferried over. The plant did not seem to be loaded to its full floating power; although some of the pods had been injured and some burst, enough remained entire to transport the stone; thus suggesting an idea to all makers of floating jackets, chairs, and other contrivances to be used in shipwrecks, never to inclose the air in one mass, but in a great number of subdivisions, each water-tight, and containing each a number of little balls filled with the gas. A slight injury, such as perforation of a pin, may now render the best Macintosh floater fatal.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

We extract the following interesting paragraph, relating to his Majesty Louis Philippe, from the *Voss Gazette*, a Swedish journal:—"On the 2d Vice-Consul Burk celebrated the 82d anniversary of his birth-day. On the same day he received a letter from the King of the French, written with his own hand, accompanying a gold medal, bearing on one side the profile of his Majesty, and on the other the following inscription:—'Given by King Louis Philippe to M. C. Burk, as a memorial of the hospitality received at Hammerfest, in August, 1795.' The letter, which was dated at Neuilly, June 6, is in these terms:—'It is always agreeable to me to find that the traveller Muller has not been forgotten in a country which he visited in simple guise, and unknown; and I always recall with pleasure this journey to my mind. Among my recollections I give the first place to the hospitality so frankly and cordially granted me, a stranger, throughout Norway, and particularly in Norland and Finmark; and at this moment, when a lapse of forty-nine years since I made this journey into Norway has left me but few of my old hosts remaining, it is gratifying to me to be able to express to all, in your person, what grateful feelings I still entertain.'"